

Ice Cream Man™

W. Maxwell Prince

Martin Morazzo

Chris O'Halloran

volume four







VOLUME FOUR

• TINY LIVES •

WRITTEN BY **W. MAXWELL PRINCE**

ART BY **MARTÍN MORAZZO**

COLORS BY **CHRIS O'HALLORAN**

LETTERING BY **GOOD OLD NEON**

COVER DESIGN BY **SHANNA MATUSZAK & DREW GILL**

INTERIOR DESIGN BY **GOOD OLD NEON**



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"It has to be admitted that the clouds can descend,
take you up, carry you to all kind of places, some
of them terrible, and you don't get back where
you came from for years and years."

—**Denis Johnson**, *Triumph Over the Grave*

What did your parents pass down to you?
Email wmaxwellprince@gmail.com

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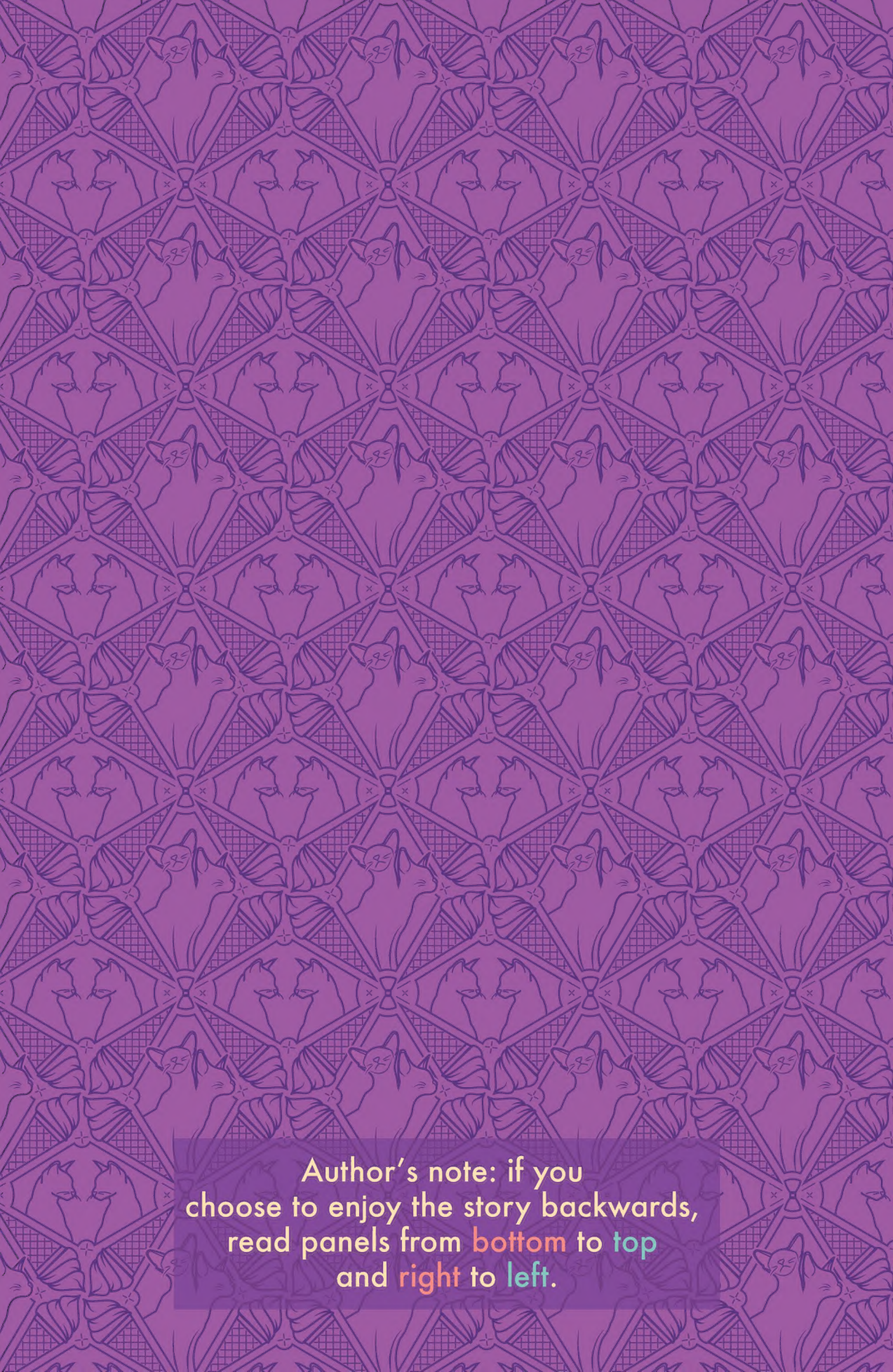
Palindromes



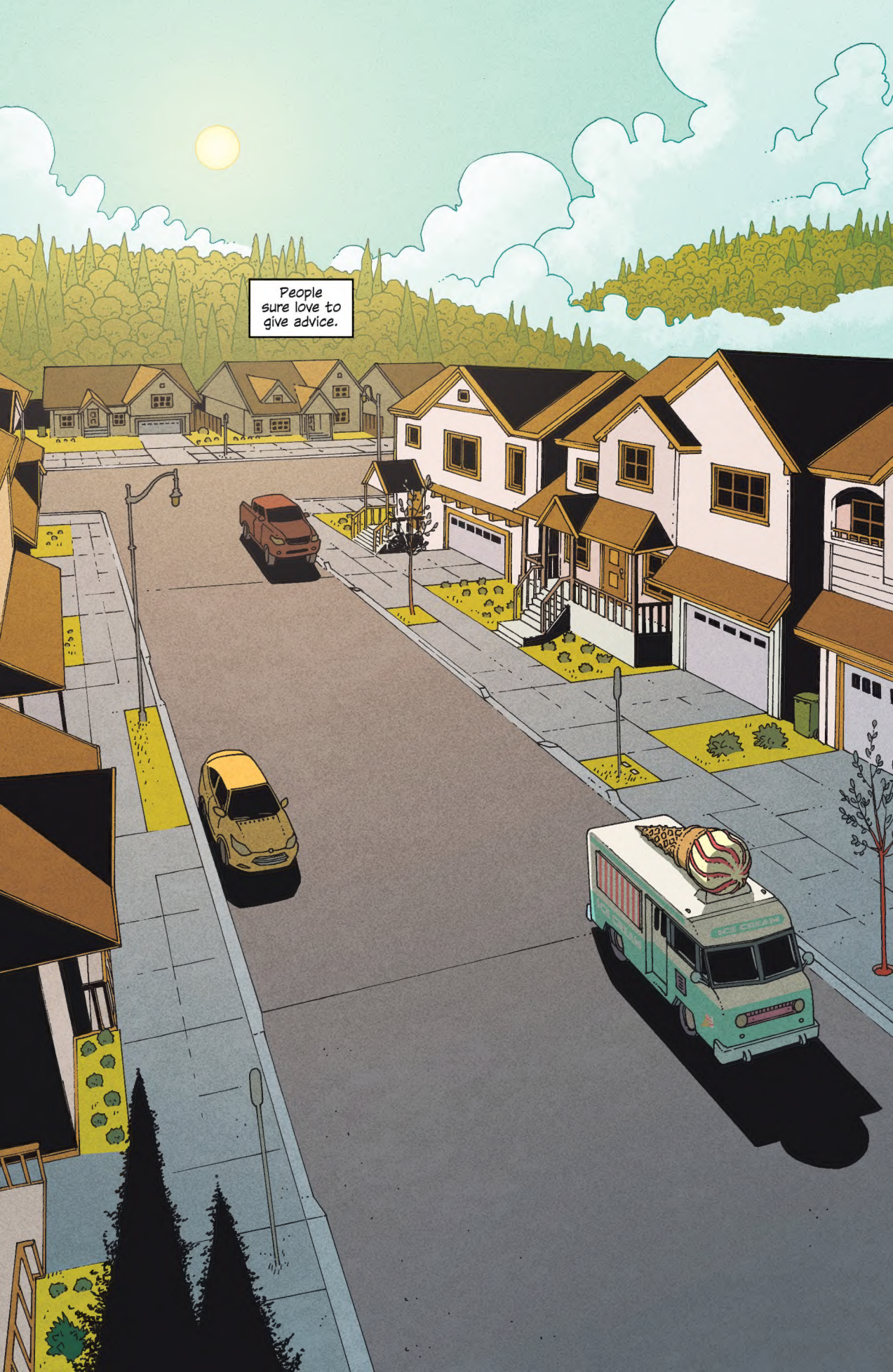
THIS COMIC IS A PALINDROME

IT CAN BE READ
FORWARDS
(from first to last panel)
OR
BACKWARDS
(from last to first panel)

IT'S UP TO YOU




Author's note: if you
choose to enjoy the story backwards,
read panels from **bottom** to **top**
and **right** to **left**.



People
sure love to
give advice.





It's been
three weeks since
Michael passed--
stage four pancreatic
cancer.



The love of
my life, taken
from me in
a flash...



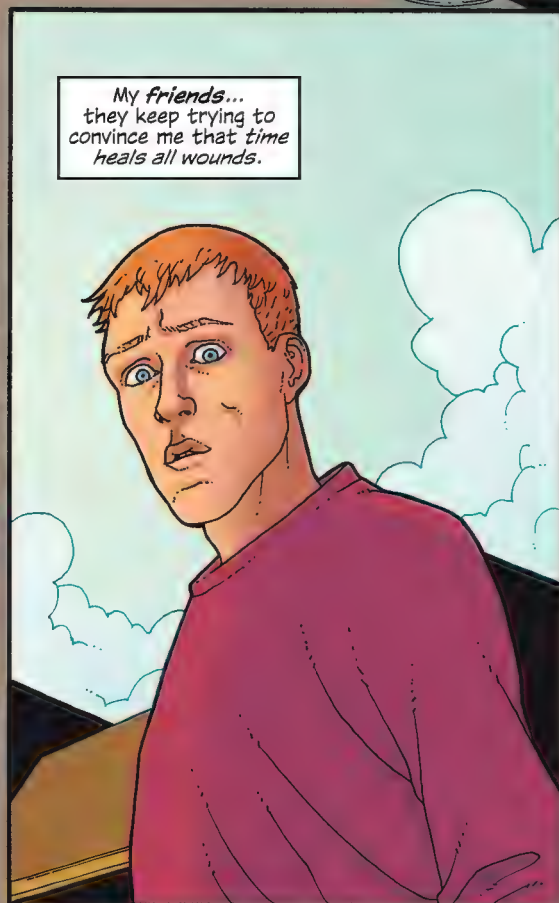
There is
NO moving
forward.



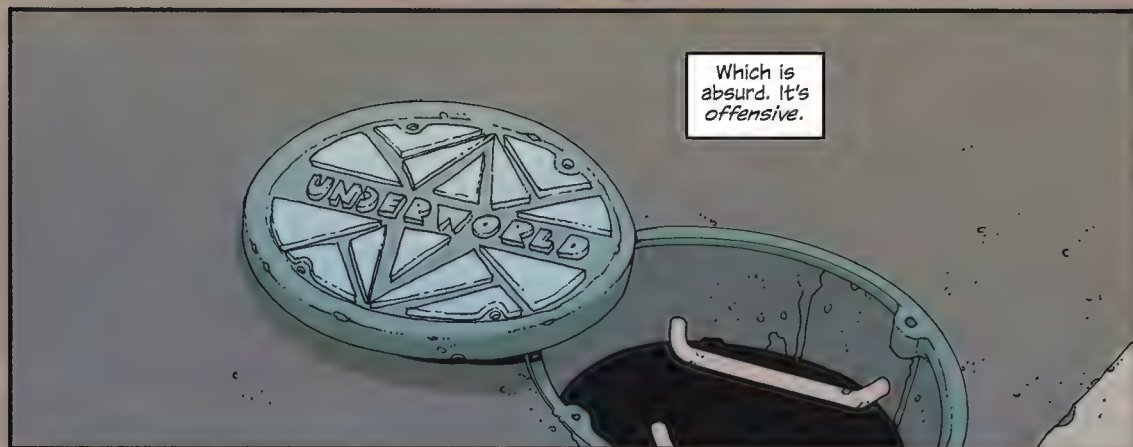
I wish
I could explain
it.



But how
could they possibly
know?



My friends...
they keep trying to
convince me that time
heals all wounds.



Which is
absurd. It's
offensive.

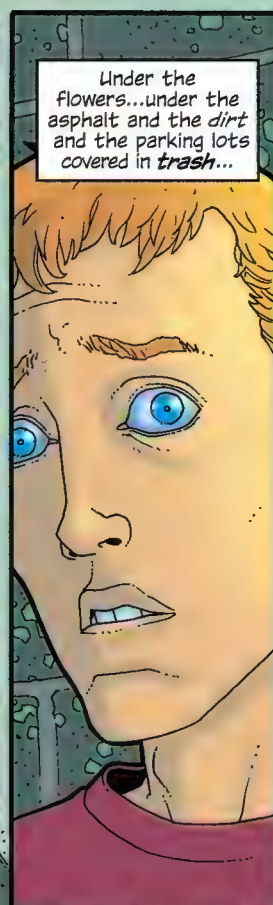
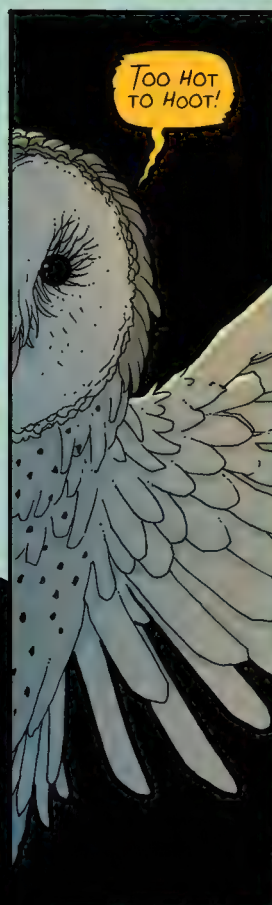
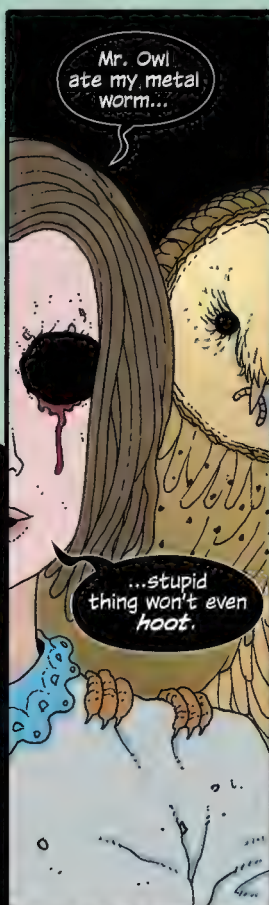
It's
backwards.


Life
moves in one
direction:

Mercilessly,
unforgivingly
ahead.


And so
I've decided to
go right on...

...take it up
with the *King of
the Underworld.*






Here's
something else I'm
certain of:



I'll never
be able to get
over Michael.

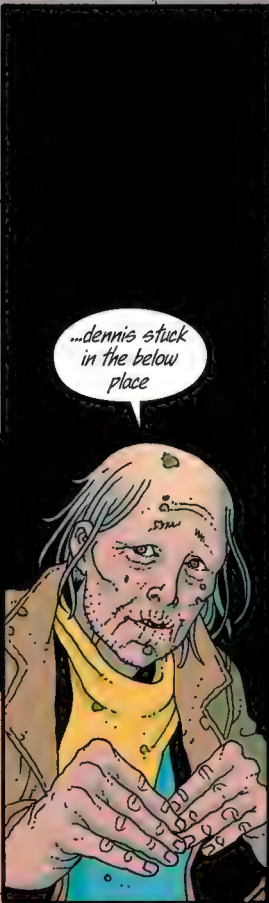
you gonna
harta get
over it!



dennis show
you the way, out
and then in



dennis
sinned



...dennis stuck
in the below
place



come,
we go



these are my friends



senile felines

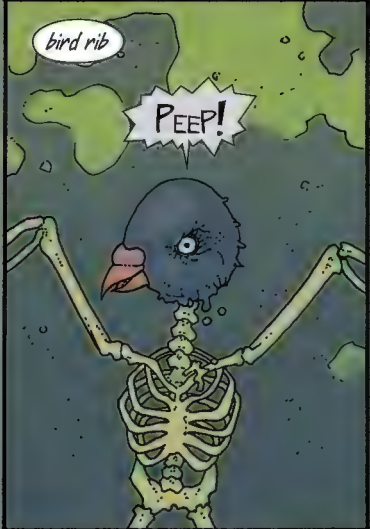
was it a rat i saw?

was it a bat i saw?



goddam mad dog

Dog, as a devil deified, lived as a God!



bird rib

PEEP!



dumb mud

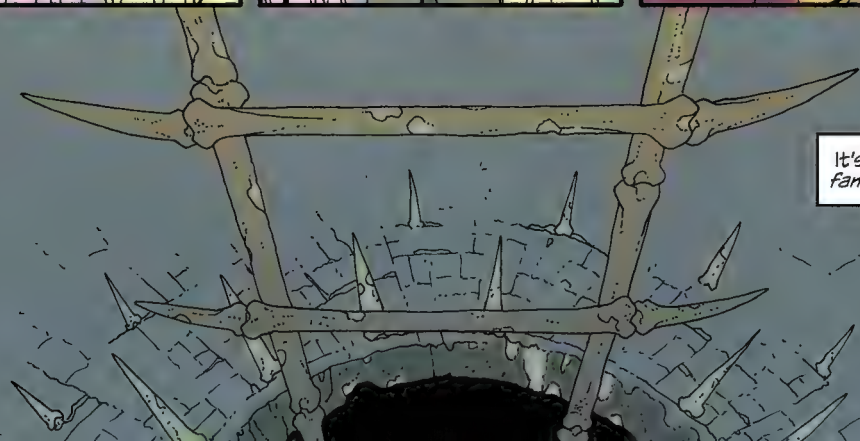
1...2...3...
4...3...
2...1



NEVER ODD OR EVEN



you see my friends, yes?
come...



It's all so familiar...



Winding and unspooling...



dennis
show you the
pit, you see
TRUTH:



UP and
DOWN, all the
same



BACK
and FORTH, no
difference



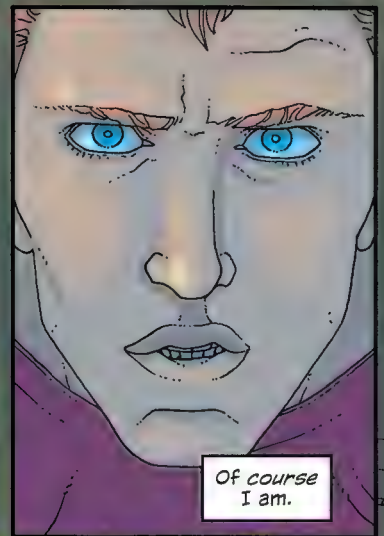
we go
ONE way, we
go the OTHER
way



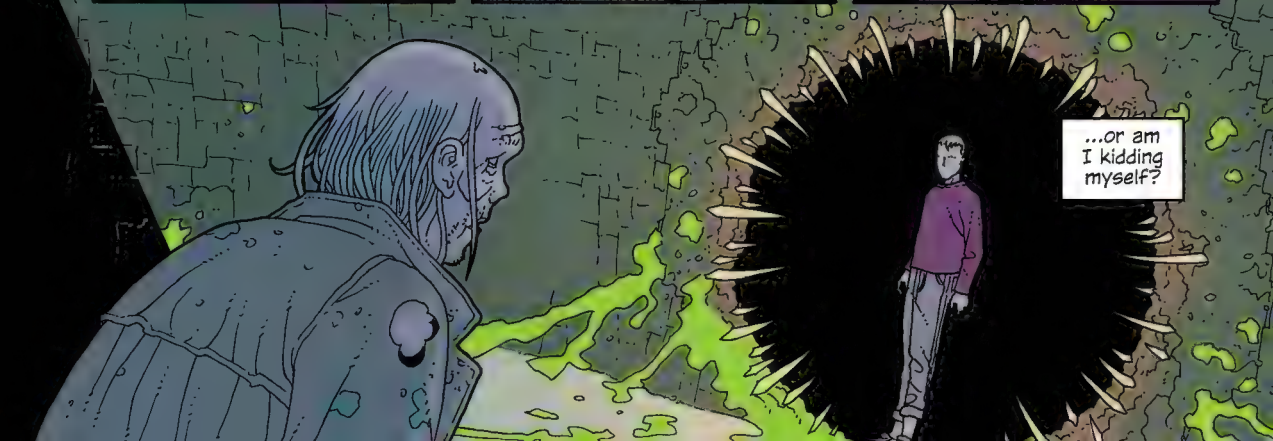
...okay.



you
ready?



Of course
I am.



...or am
I kidding
myself?



I can
do this.



I'm a strong
person.



I can
do this.



I can
do what I
need to do.

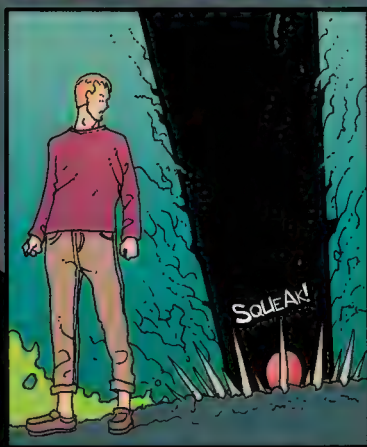


I can
get over.

GAH!



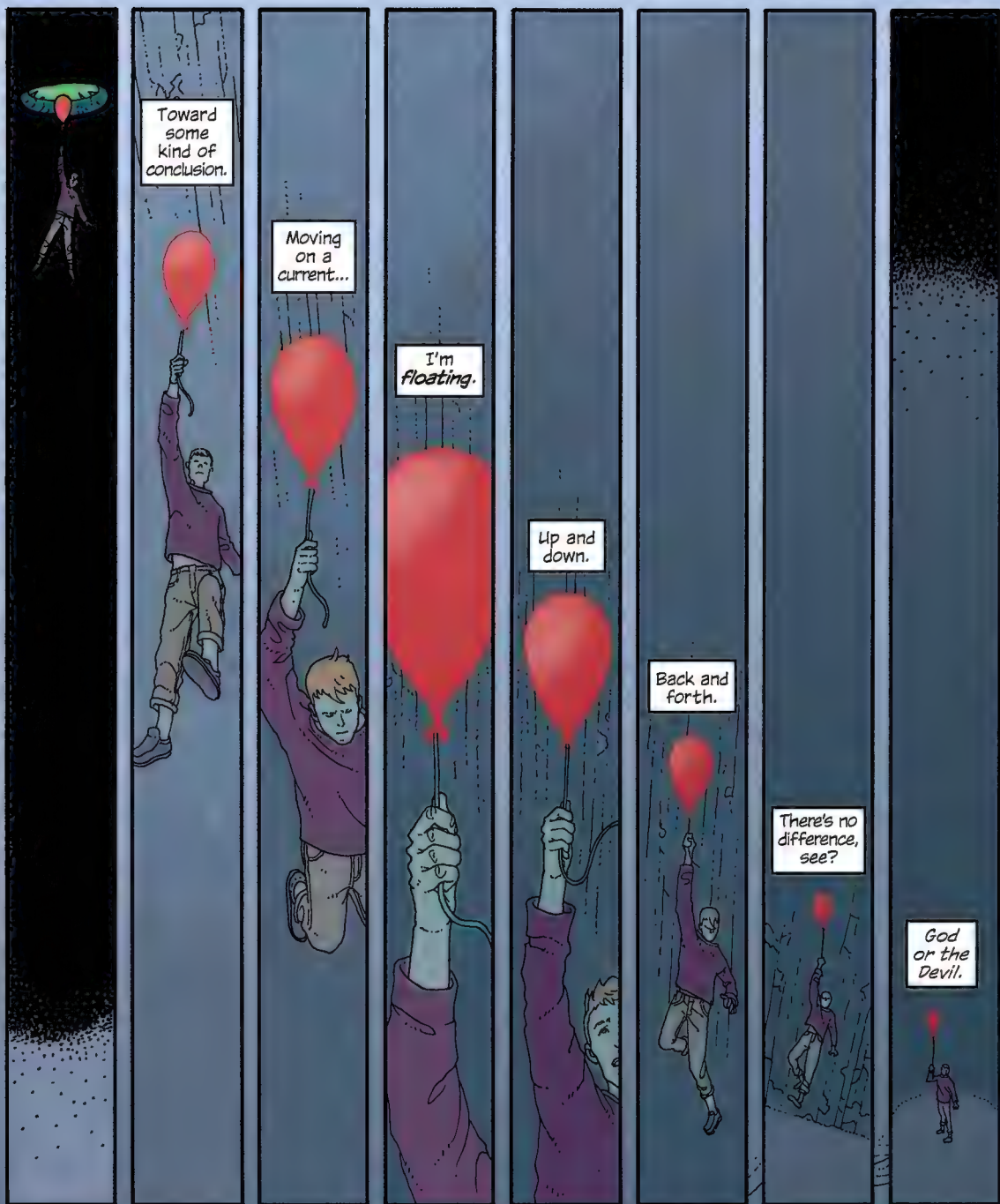
I can...



SQUEAK!



Here I
go...



Toward
some
kind of
conclusion.

Moving
on a
current...

I'm
floating.

Up and
down.

Back and
forth.

There's no
difference,
see?

God
or the
Devil.



I don't
know what I
expected, coming
down here...



But...



It seemed
worth a try--
I wanted some
answers.



Turns out
there's no one
home.

Turns out
there's no one
home.



It seemed worth a try-- I wanted some *answers*.



But...



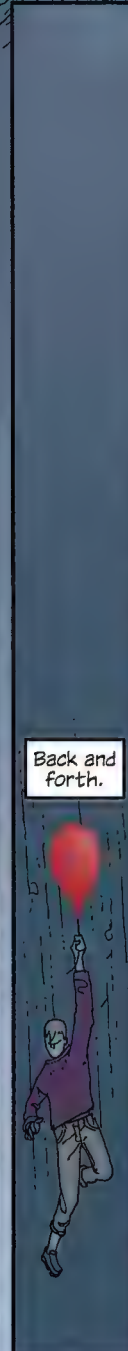
I don't know what I expected, coming down here...



God or the Devil.



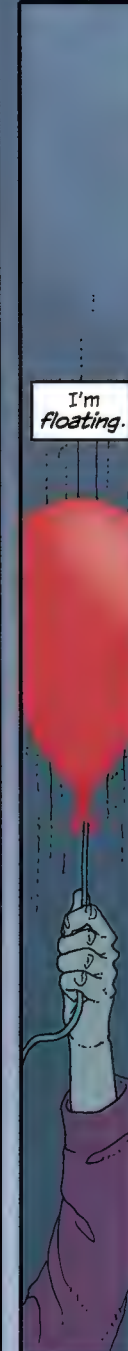
There's no difference, see?



Back and forth.



Up and down.



I'm floating.



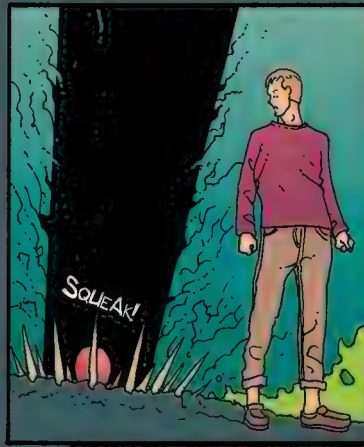
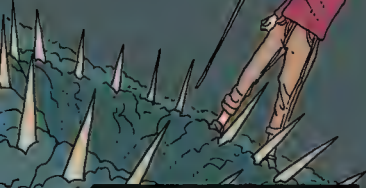
Moving on a current...



Toward some kind of conclusion.



Here I go...



I can...



I can get over.

GAH!



I can do what I need to do.



I can do this.

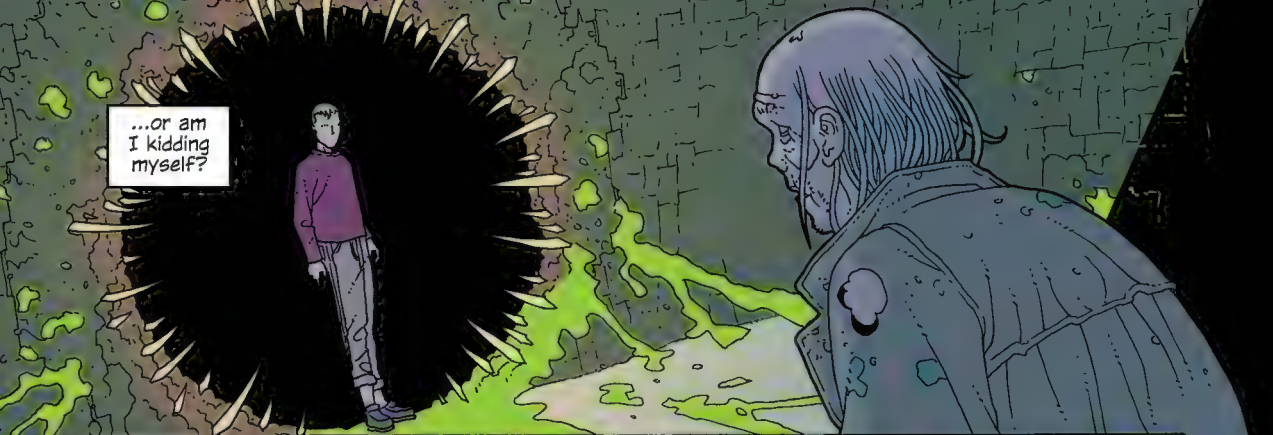


I'm a strong person.

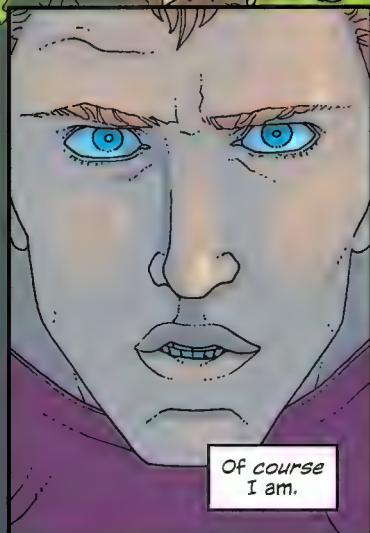


I can do this.





...or am
I kidding
myself?



Of course
I am.



you
ready?



...okay.



we go
ONE way, we
go the OTHER
way



BACK
and FORTH, no
difference



UP and
DOWN, all the
same

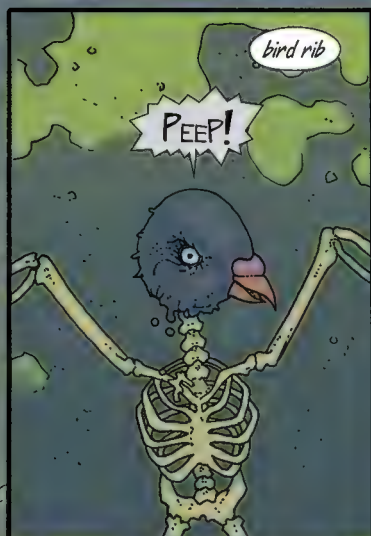
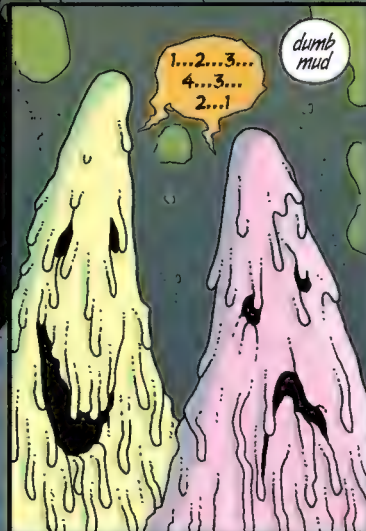


dennis
show you the
pit, you see
TRUTH:



Winding and
unspooling...

It's all so familiar...





come,
we go



...dennis stuck
in the below
place



dennis
sinned



dennis show
you the way, out
and then in



you gonna
havia get
over it!

I'll never
be able to get
over Michael.



Here's
something else I'm
certain of:

The *Dead*
are having some
kind of party...

HAHAHAHAH

Under the
flowers...under the
asphalt and the dirt
and the parking lots
covered in *trash*...

Too HOT
TO HOOT!

...stupid
thing won't even
hoot.

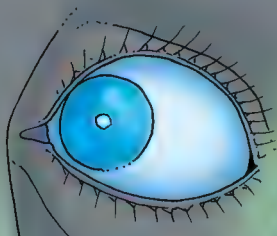
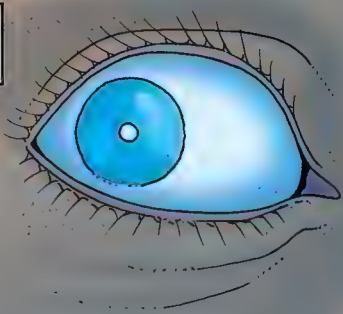
Mr. Owl
ate my metal
worm...

Dammit,
I'm mad!

Me, too.

You want
answers about
life and death?

...take it up
with the *King of
the Underworld.*



And so
I've decided to
go right on...



Mercilessly,
unforgivingly
ahead.

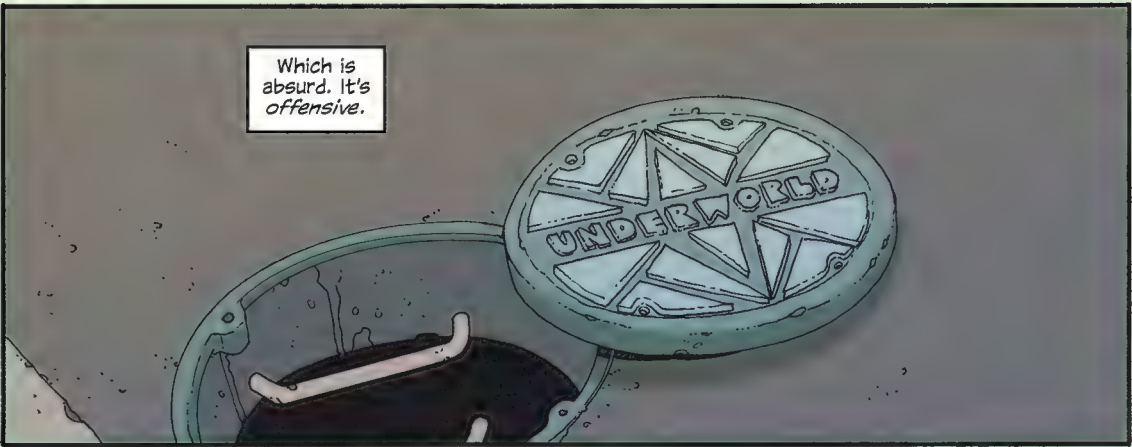


Life
moves in one
direction:

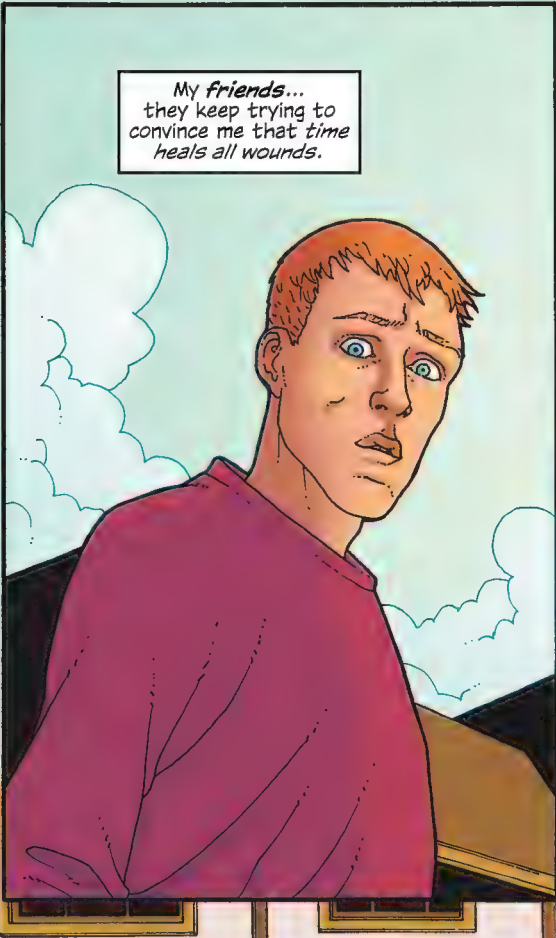


It's
backwards.

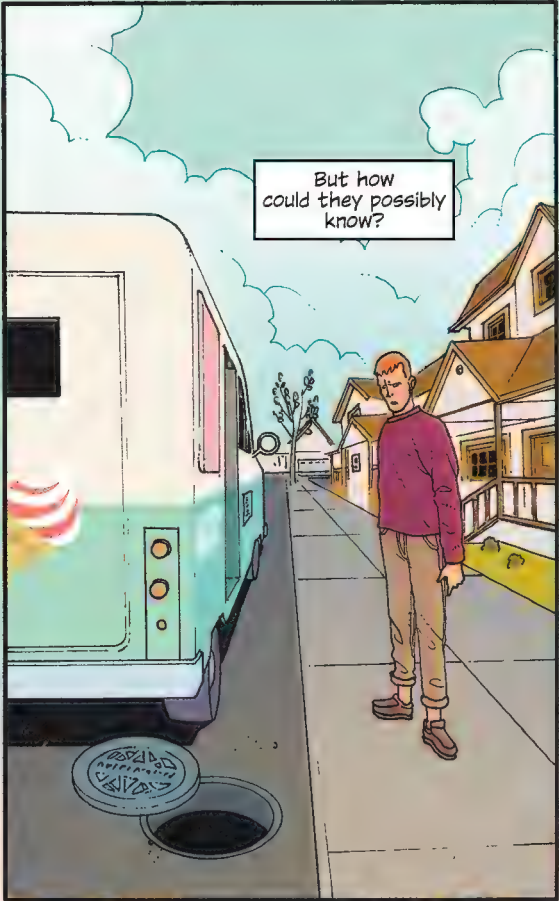
Which is
absurd. It's
offensive.



My friends...
they keep trying to
convince me that *time*
heals all wounds.




But how
could they possibly
know?




I wish
I could explain
it.






There is
no moving
forward.



The love of
my life, taken
from me in
a flash...




It's been
three weeks since
Michael passed--
stage four pancreatic
cancer.





People
sure love to
give advice.



Author's note: if you
choose to enjoy the story backwards,
read panels from **bottom** to **top**
and **right** to **left**.

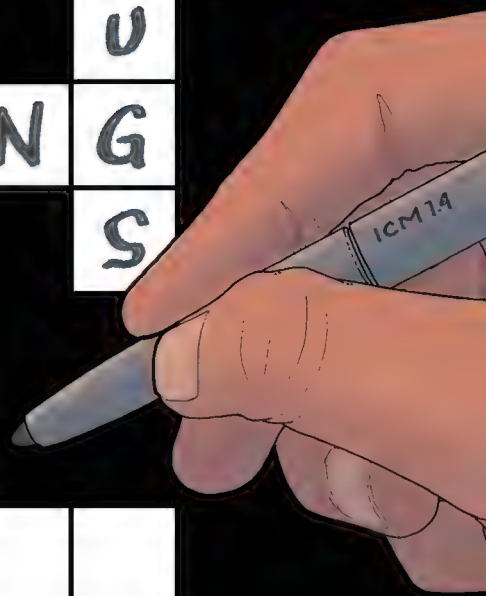
THIS COMIC IS A PALINDROME

IT CAN BE READ
FORWARDS
(from first to last panel)
OR
BACKWARDS
(from last to first panel)

IT'S UP TO YOU

Palindromes





CROSSWORD No. 14

DOWN

- 1 The things that will eat you (slowly, at first)
- 3 The title of this here comic book series periodical
- 6 The name of our esteemed publisher, or a representation of a thing

ACROSS

- 2 What everything means
- 4 W. Maxwell _____, a writer tolerated by some
- 5 _____ O'Halloran, colorist and expert of mood lighting
- 7 Martin _____, artist and illustrator extraordinaire

*Down
and
Across*

1A: Six letters. The thing you feel most often.

They're smoking marijuana cigarettes, Earl.

R-E-G-R-E-T

I can smell it.

4D: Four letters. Your wife, who lately seems to have developed a preoccupation with the recreational activities of the contractors she hired.

R-I-T-A

Deadbeats.

Earl.

EARL!



Rita.
Who cares?



Who
cares?!

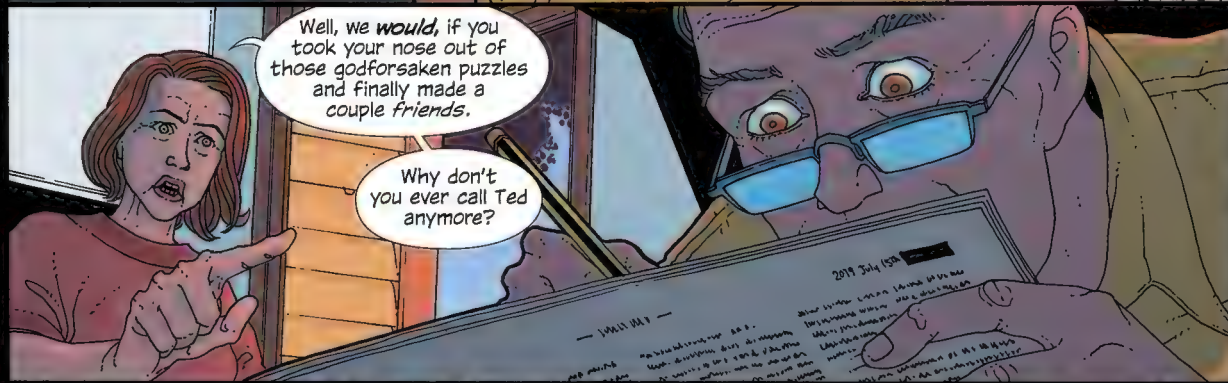


I care.

I'm
paying those
bozos to build a
guesthouse!



We don't
need a guesthouse.
We never have any
guests.



Well, we *would*, if you
took your nose out of
those godforsaken puzzles
and finally made a
couple friends.

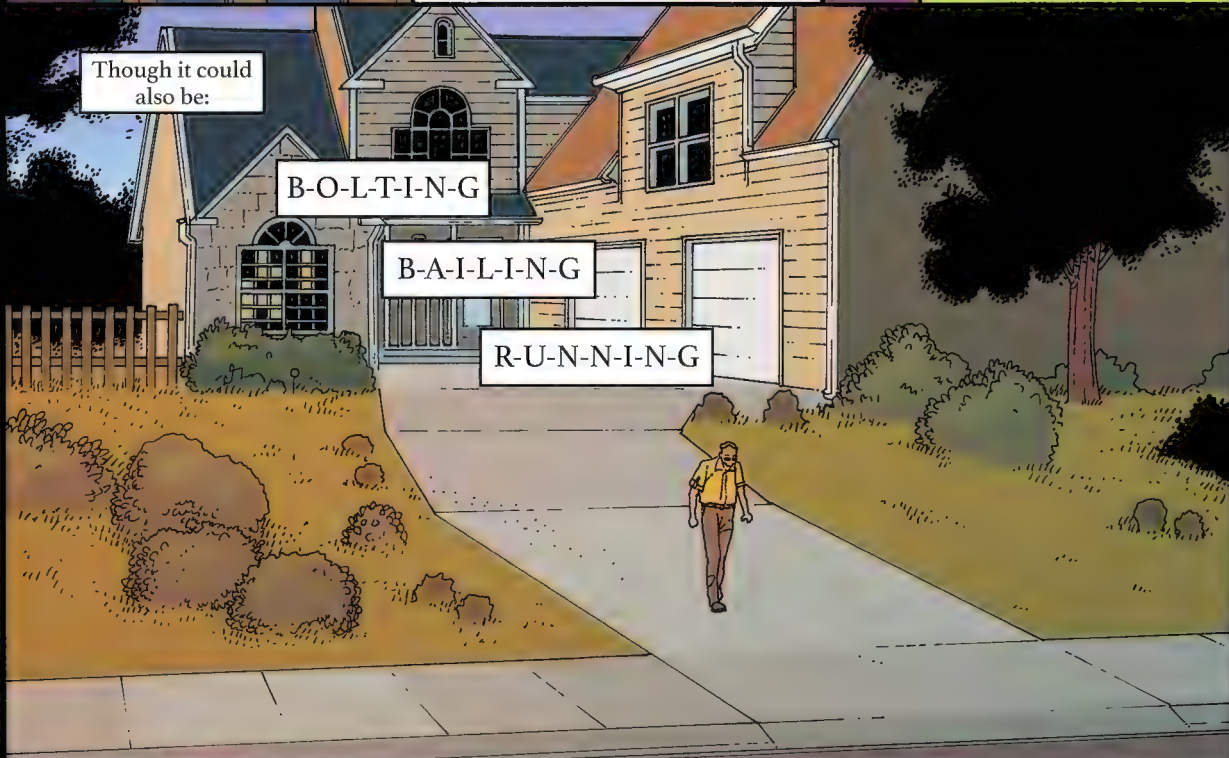
Why don't
you ever call Ted
anymore?



7A: Seven letters. The thing you're best at, the thing your father and his father before him were best at.



L-E-A-V-I-N-G



That's the thing about
words, right?

It can be hard to summon
the *right ones*.

As we spin inside
massive swirls of
context and meaning
and perspective...

...to find the perfect
word is like solving an
impossible riddle.

A puzzle.

Earl, here?
He loves puzzles.

Because puzzles allow Earl to
think of *different* words than the
sorry vocabulary that's come, over
time, to press down on his
head like a giant *thumb*.

For example:

Wall-to-wall carpeting;
low-interest APR; cholesterol meds;
coupons; premium cable package;
dresser drawer firearm.

The contractors are smoking
marijuana cigarettes, Earl.



Crossword, huh? Those things are too *hard*.

Me? I prefer simpler stuff.



Where's Mac?



Day off. I'm filling in.



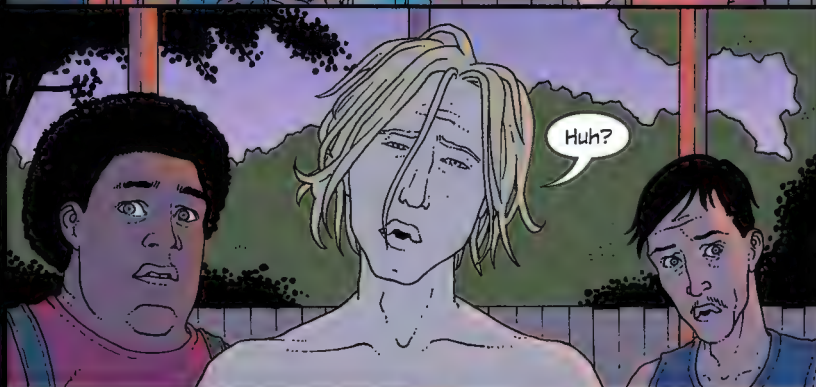
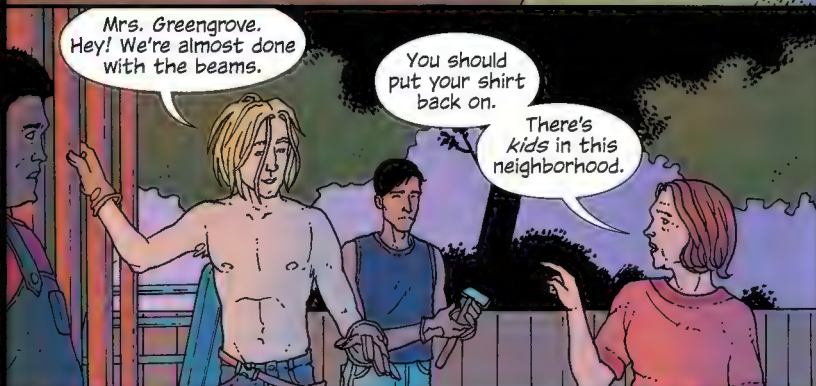
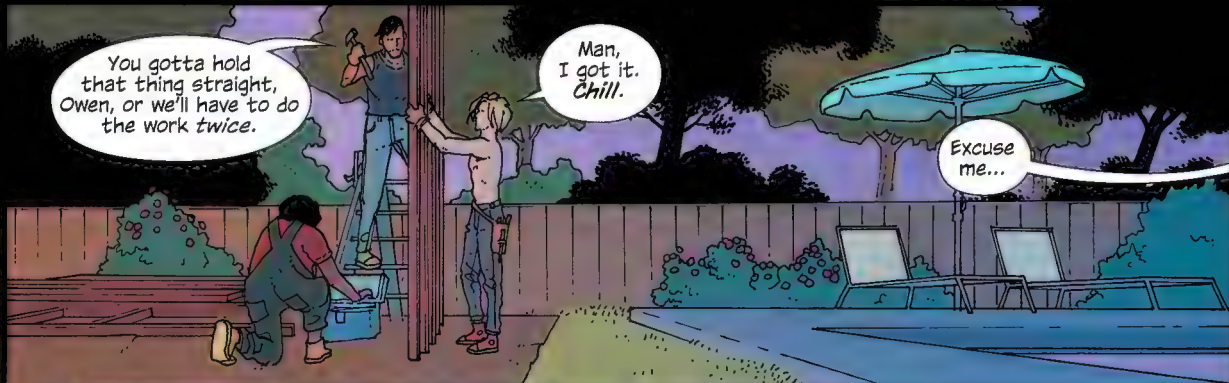
...alright.



Good luck!

14D: Eight letters. What you say to someone in need of some luck.

G-O-O-D-L-U-C-K





Well... just be mindful next time.

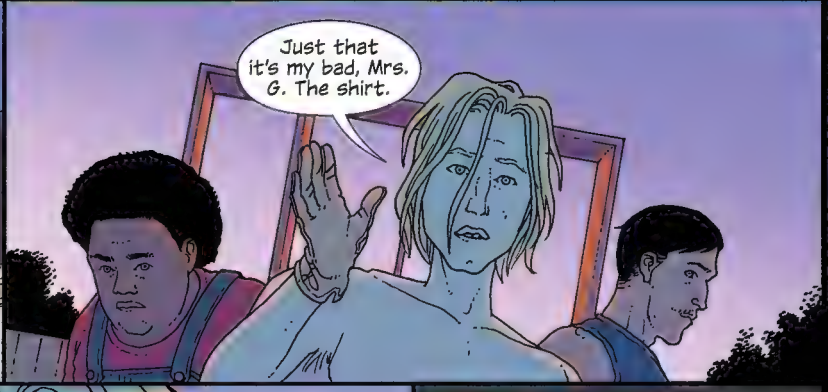


YOU MISERABLE FUCKING BITCH.

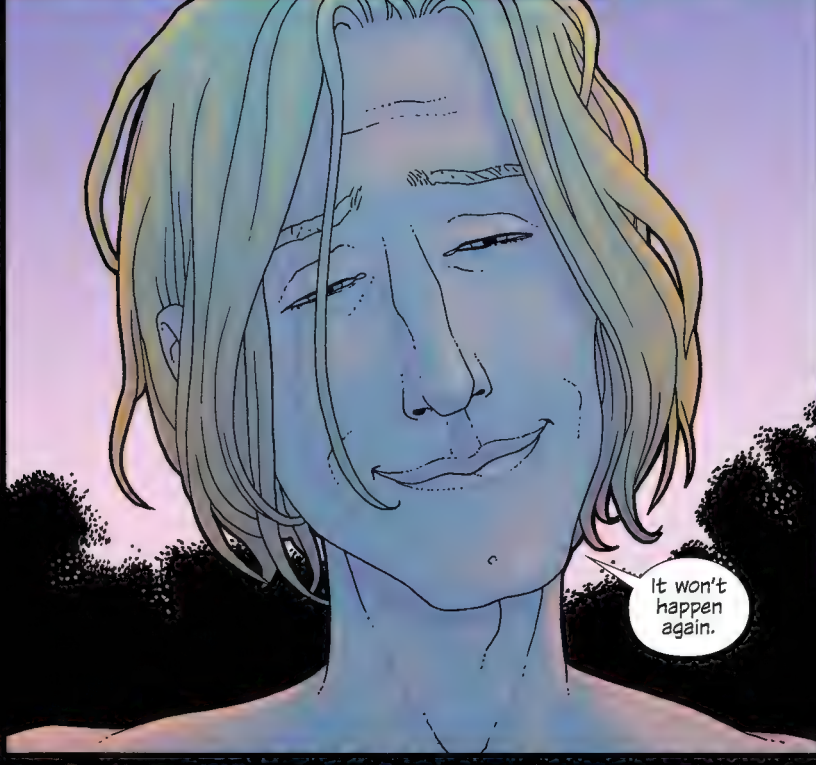
WE OUGHT TO EAT YOUR FUCKING FACE OFF.



W-what did you say?



Just that it's my bad, Mrs. G. The shirt.



It won't happen again.



Oh... okay.

Timeshares; early bird specials.

Insurance premiums;
actuarial review.

Loss leaders;
profit margins.

Cauliflower
casseroles.

Indigestion.

?



Work the words
to your fingertips.

Figure out the
letters.

Solve the
puzzle, Earl.

Who...
who's there?

Whose
voice is
that?

18A: *Nine letters.* The way
your child was brought into
this world, about thirty
years ago now...



What was her
name, Earl?

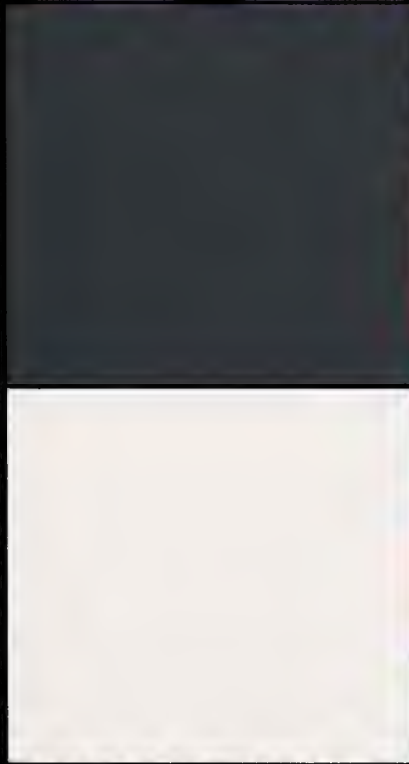
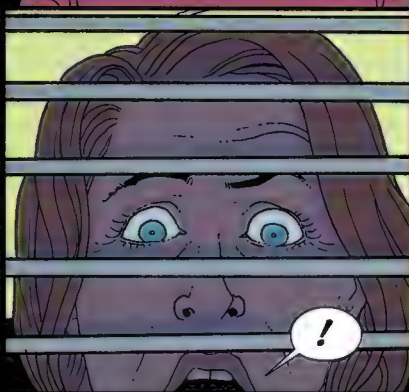
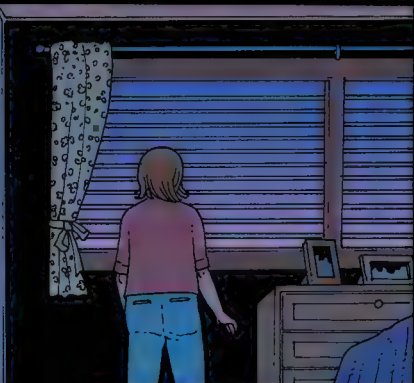


Agatha...

We were
going to call her
Agatha.

Conquer the
white space.

Fill out
the grid.





9-1-1!
This is Rita
Greengrove, over
on Darlington.

There's
these three men
and they're--

You were
wrong, Mrs. G.
It wasn't weed we
were smoking.



It was
meth. And
black tar
heroin.

The three of us
are so fucked up.



I'M GONNA TAKE
MY SHIRT OFF AND
COME MAKE A
MEAL OF YOU.



SLAM!



33D: Five letters. How you feel all of the time, even in a crowd of people; how you'll likely die, when all's said and done.

A

L

O

N

E

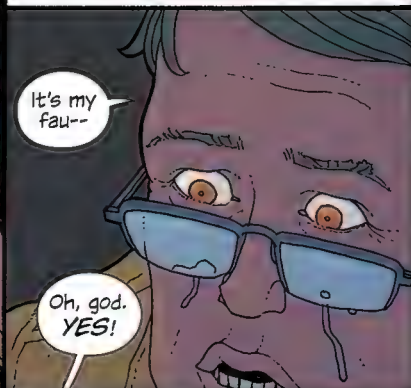
We stopped
trying after
Agatha.

...stopped
touching each other
altogether.



It's my
fav--

Oh, god.
YES!



41A: Three letters.

Your colleague. Your
best friend...

Oh...



...the man Rita
sleeps with when you're
away on business.

You've always
known, but never
said anything.

...Ted.



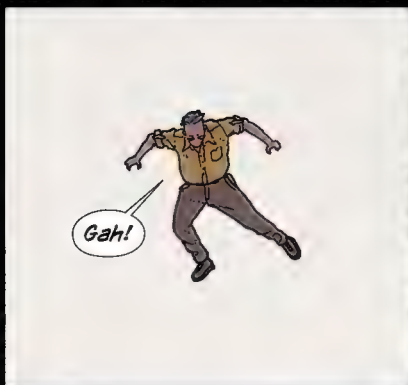
Oh,

T E D





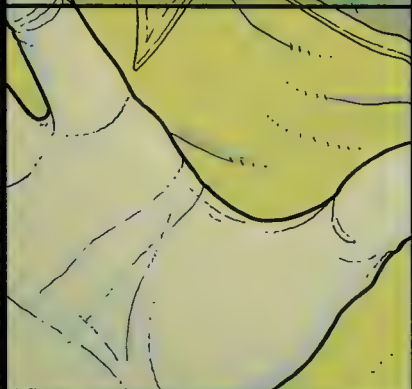
Rita...
no. I never
wanted--



Gah!



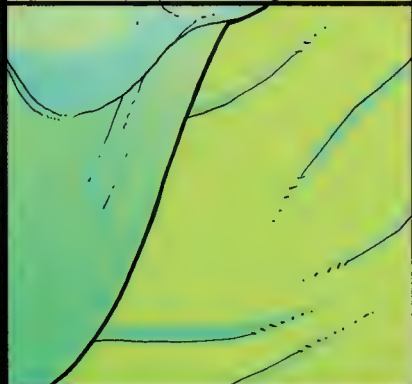
Down and across,
Earl.



Like a trip on
the River Styx.
(S-T-Y-G-I-A-N)



Like a maggot
traveling the length of
a corpse's body.



FILL OUT
THE GRID.



Mrs. G,
we're awful
hungry!

HEH
HEH

YUM

Please.
Somebody.

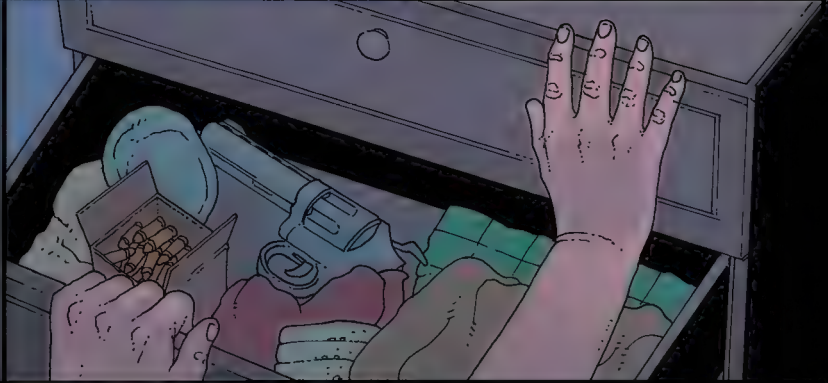
...Earl's
gun.



WE'RE SO CLOSE!



Where is it? Dammit, where is it?



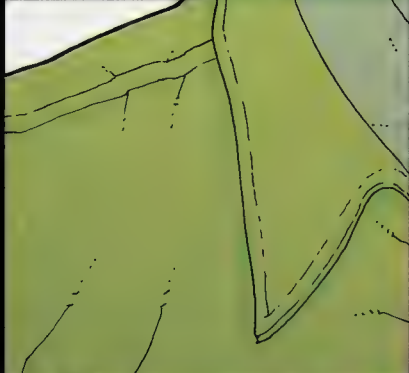
Shitshit
shit!



KNOCK
KNOCK,
RITA.



48D: *Twelve letters.*
What you should do—the
only way out of your
tiny little life.



Empty the
words from your
head, Earl.

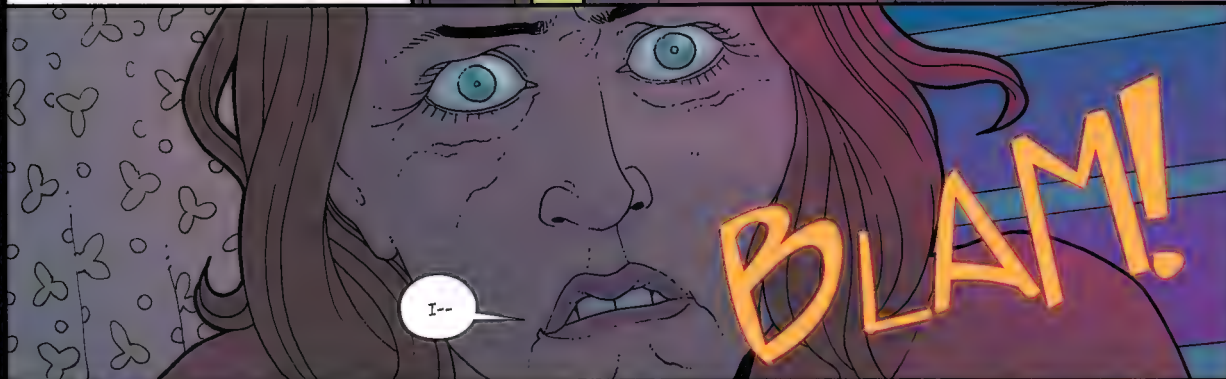


Do it for
Rita.



I'm sorry,
sweetie.







...home.

Rita...
did you just
try to *shoot*
me?



Oh my God, Earl!

I'm so sorry. I thought you were--



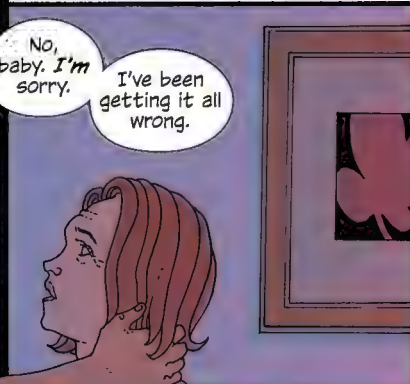
It... wasn't real.

But I saw--



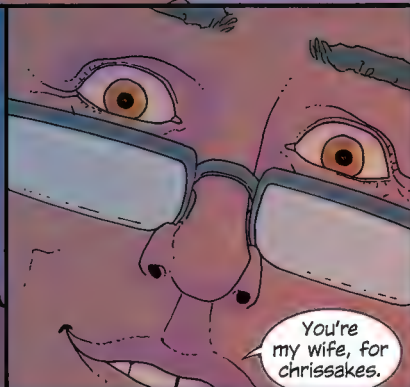
No, baby. I'm sorry.

I've been getting it all wrong.

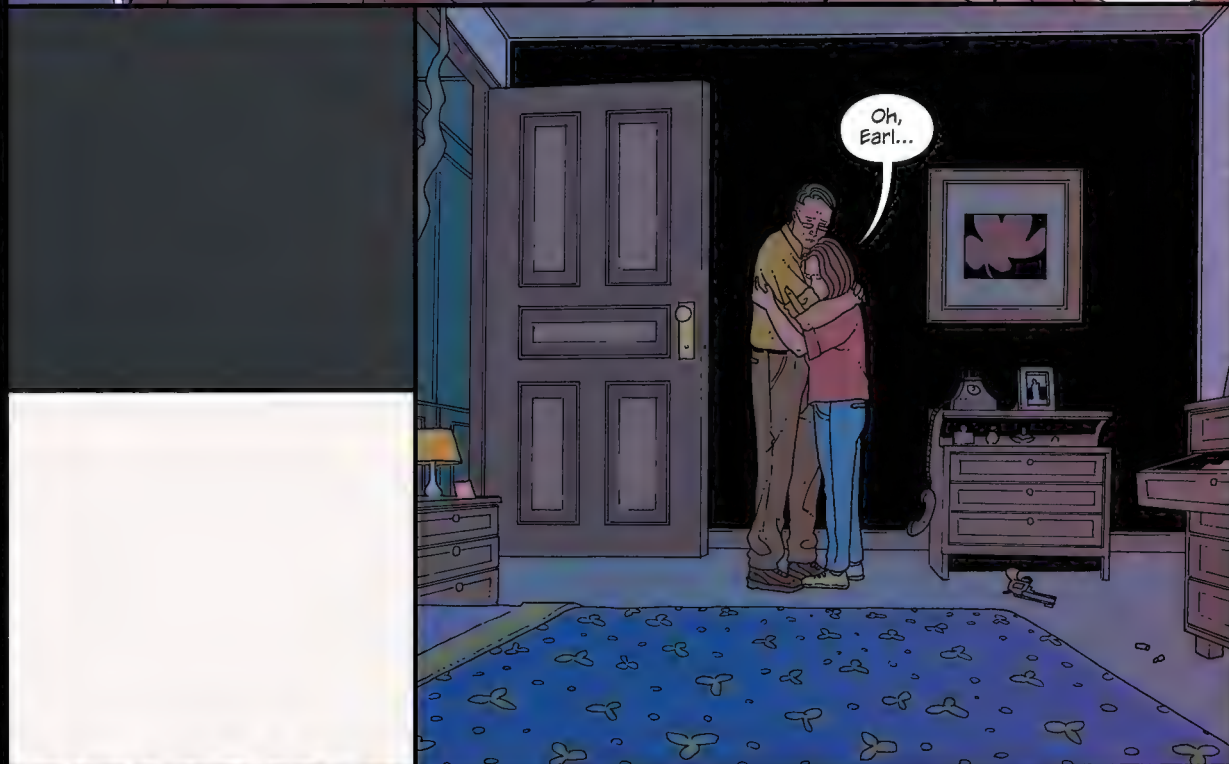


No more distractions.

No more wasting time with puzzles and papers and all that crap.



You're my wife, for chrissakes.

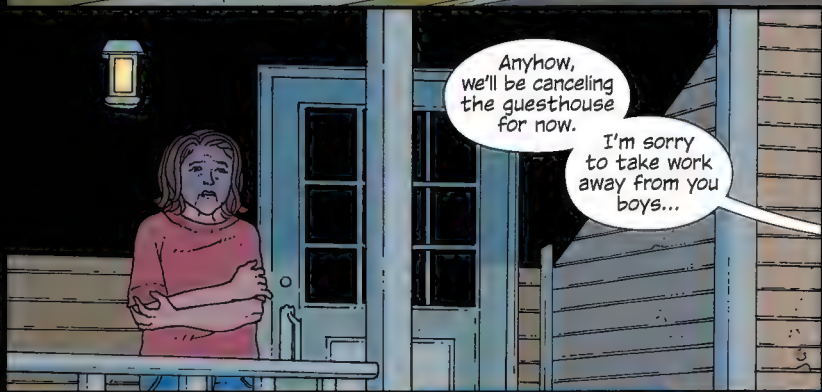


Oh, Earl...



The missus is pretty shook up.

Food poisoning and a big imagination, we're calling it.



Anyhow, we'll be canceling the guesthouse for now.

I'm sorry to take work away from you boys...



Me and Mrs. G are gonna go on a little vacation.

See the sights for a spell.

Don't sweat it, Mr. G.

Traveling is **LIT!**



Lit. Right.

That's another *insidious* thing about words, right?



You finally start to feel like you've got the right ones...

Enjoy your trip, man!

And then suddenly...you don't.



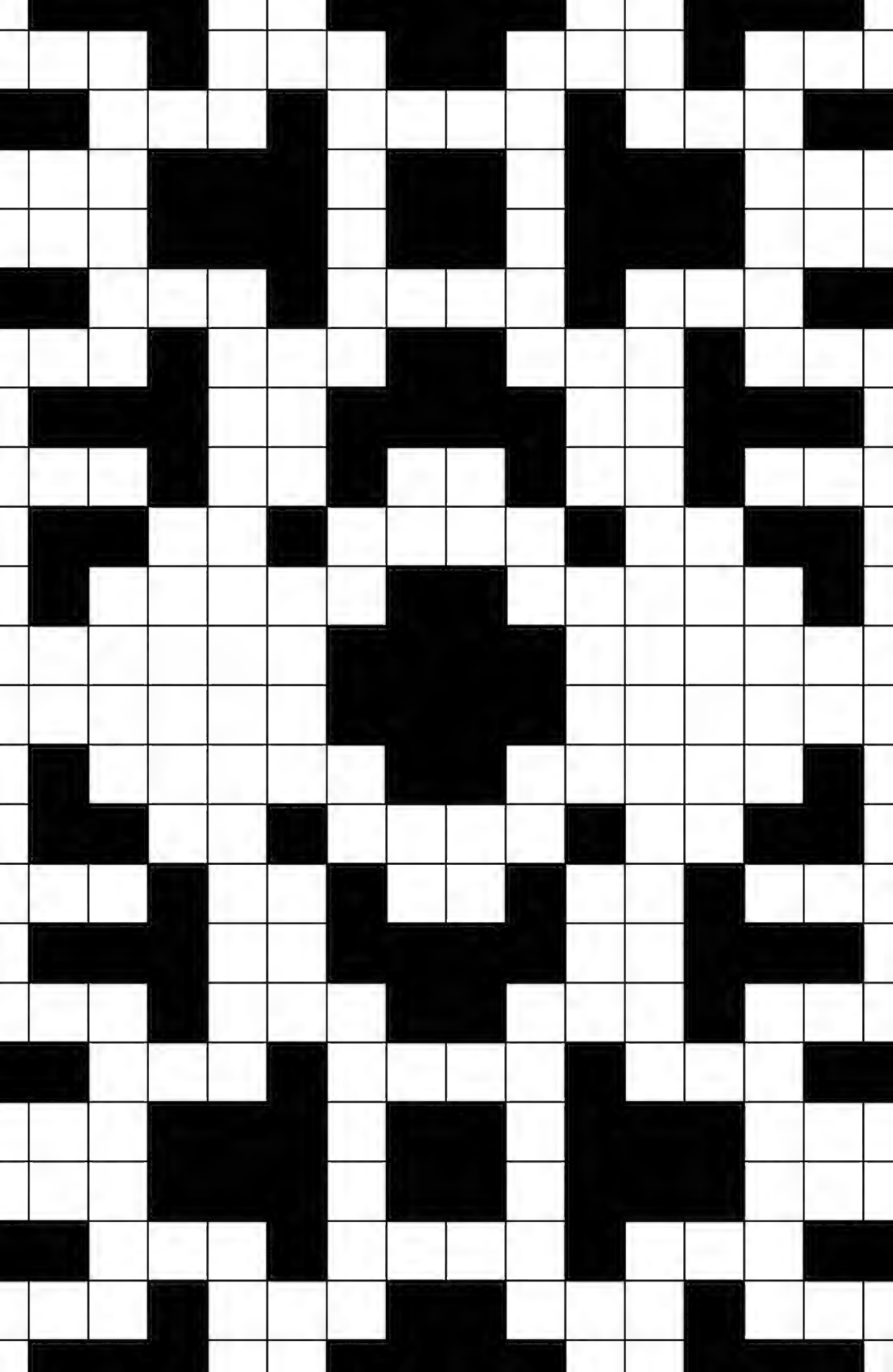
The board clears
and the grid is empty;
the puzzle begins
anew.



Good luck trying to
figure it all out.



66	G	O	O	D
				67
	68	L	U	C



Coat Check Story





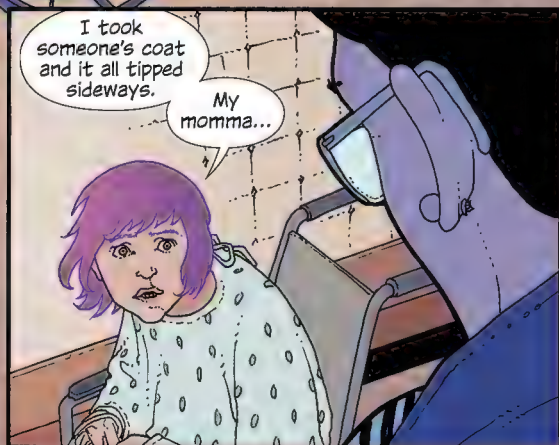


...and
they all had
my *face*.




Lillian,
it's Doctor
Sweet.

You
remember
me, yes?



I took
someone's coat
and it all tipped
sideways.

My
momma...



Who's going to give my mom a bath?

She's being taken care of, dear.

Such a sweet doctor, my Doctor Sweet.

...you're so pretty.

I don't feel good, doc. There's bugs under my hair, in the place where the words are made.

What happened to me?

I'm so sorry, Lily.

The coat wasn't mine.

But I was wearing it...

...wearing it and wearing it and wearing it...

"They say it's on account of a massive cold front that moved in from the Midwest or something..."



Twenty degrees in the middle of spring...



Before...

If climate change is a hoax, then the joke's on us.

Mitch. Buddy.



You seem like a nice enough guy. But my God.

...is there anything more **banal** than talking about the weather on a first date?



I'm just trying to make conversation.

And hey... great try.



But the only thing you're **making** is my labia dry.

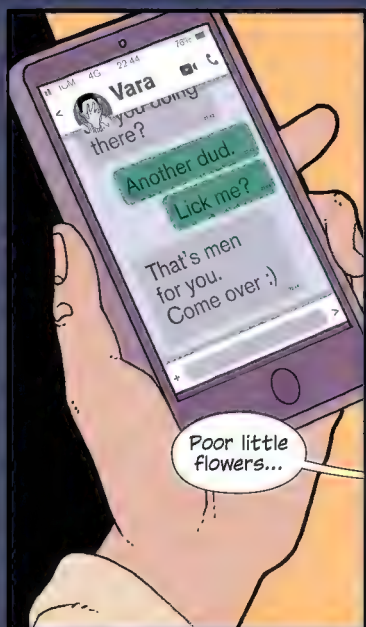
Jesus Christ! What's wrong with you?

For starters, I have terrible taste in men.



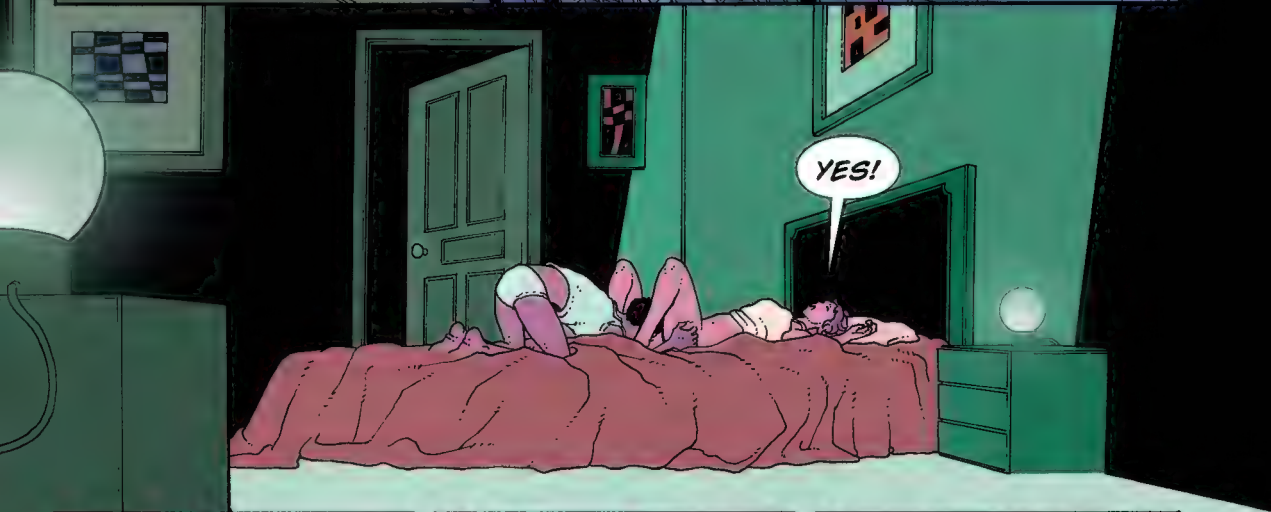
You're a real **pill**, you know that?

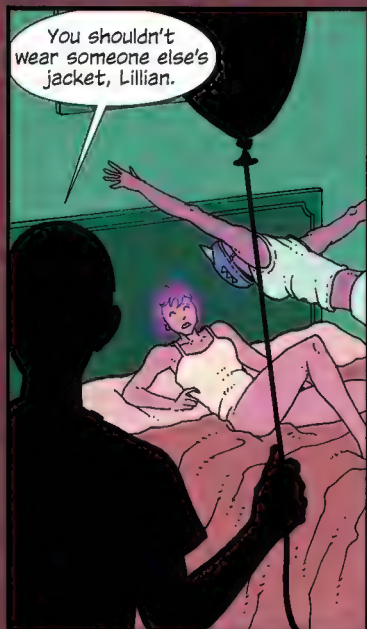
Well aware. Thanks for the dinner, pal!

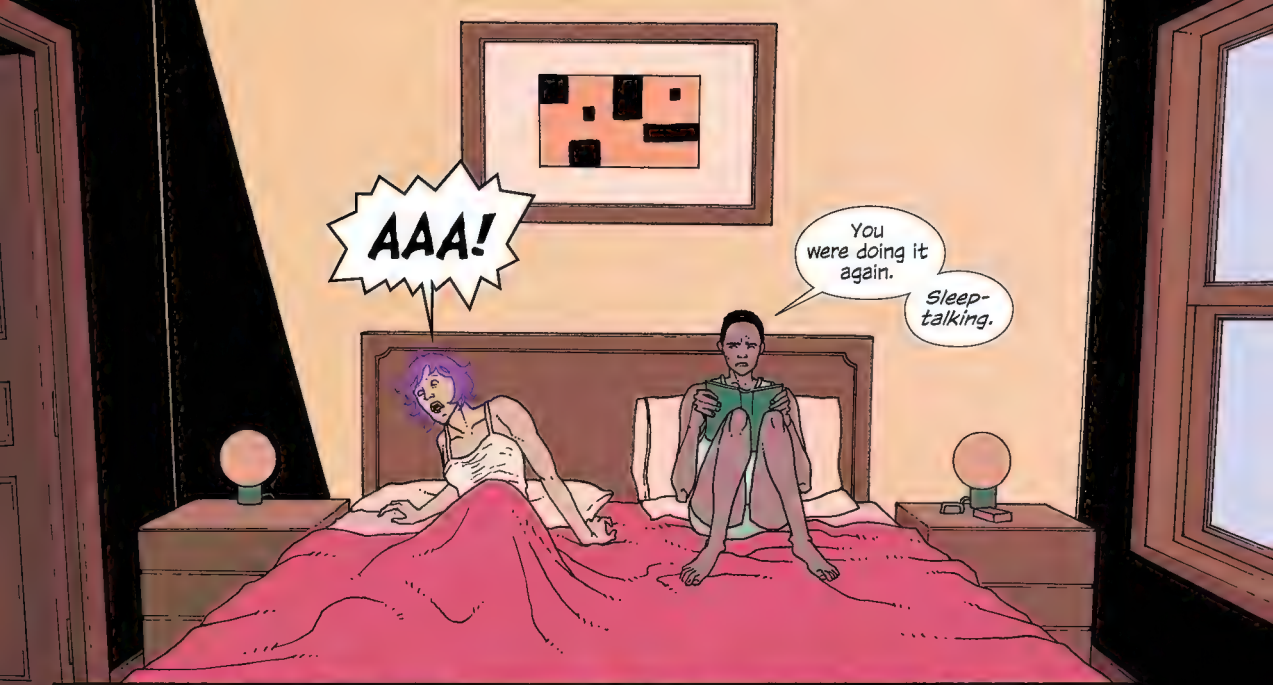












AAA!

You were doing it again.

Sleep-talking.



I had the most intense dream...

Too many orgasms will do that.

It's a chemical thing. There's whole studies about it.



Psycho-babble. Doctor Sweet would love you.

Hey, aren't you gonna be late to see your mom?



Shit! Shit shit shit!

I totally forgot.



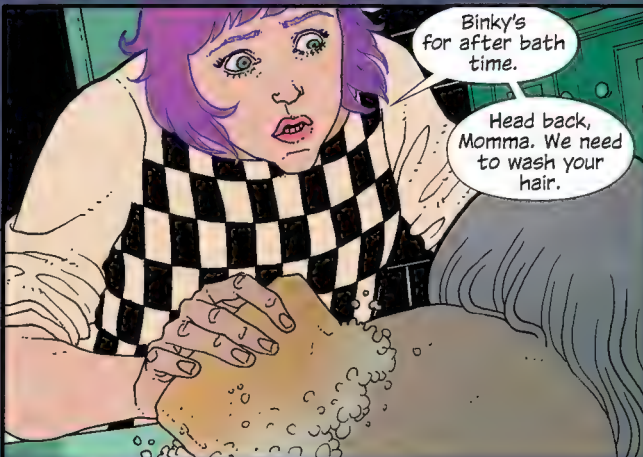
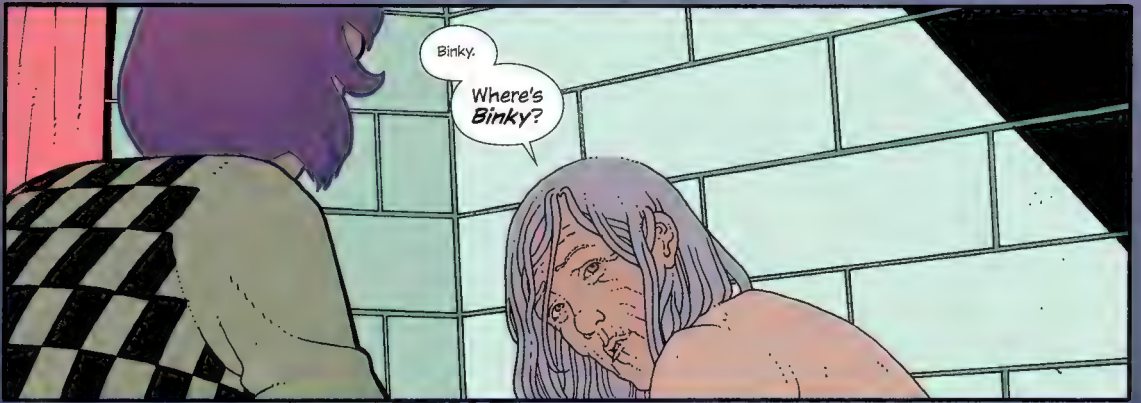
Just make sure you wear your coat.

My coat...

It's total arctic chill out there.



Wouldn't want my little flower to freeze.





Place looks good, Ma.

Hello, Binky.



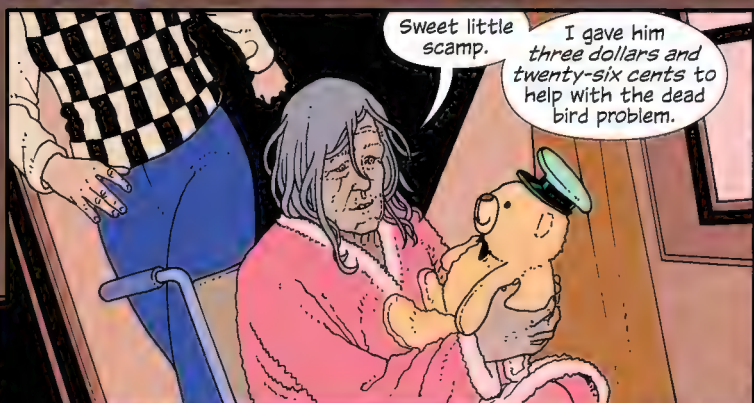
Mail's still a nightmare, though.

We're way behind on copays.

The boy with the balloon said he'd take care of everything.



Boy?



Sweet little scamp.

I gave him three dollars and twenty-six cents to help with the dead bird problem.



You don't have a dead bird problem, Ma.

What boy? Did the nurses let him in?





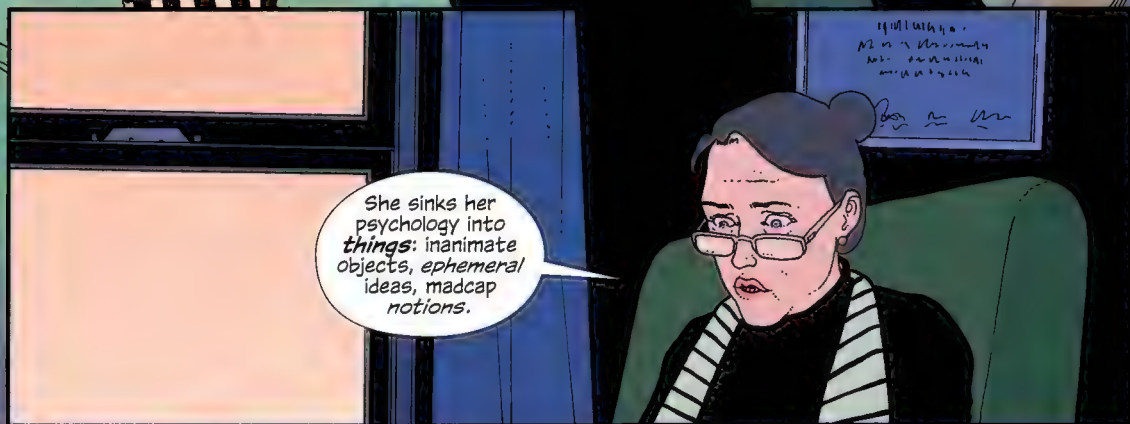


There was a *finger* in the pocket!

And this **balloon boy** keeps popping up wherever I go...

And my mom--

Your mother is **sick**, Lillian.



She sinks her psychology into **things**: inanimate objects, *ephemeral* ideas, madcap notions.



It's a pathology that's **destroyed** her mind.

But you don't *have* to inherit it. Tell me...



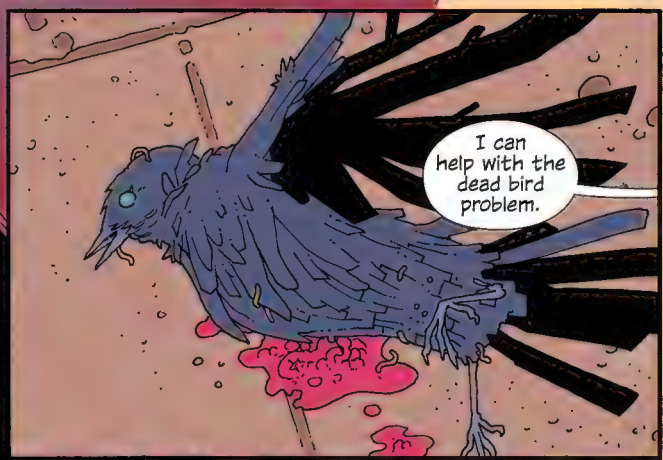
If the big, bad coat is the root of all your current... *problems*...

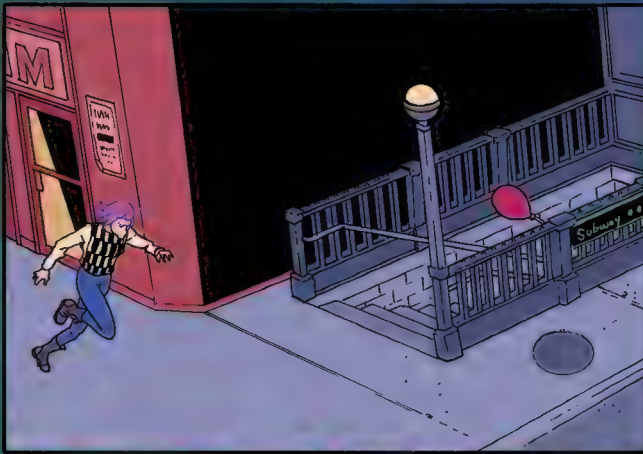


Why not just get rid of it?

"I don't understand..."





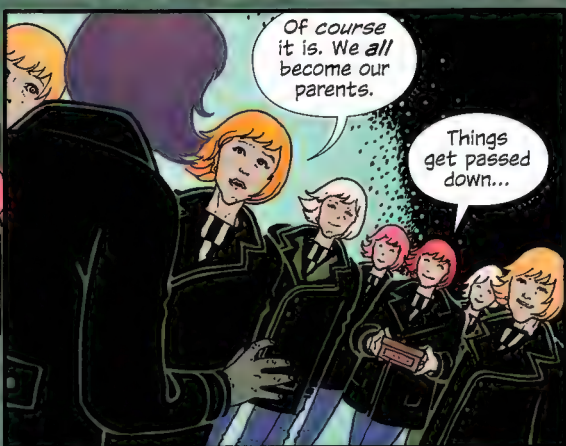
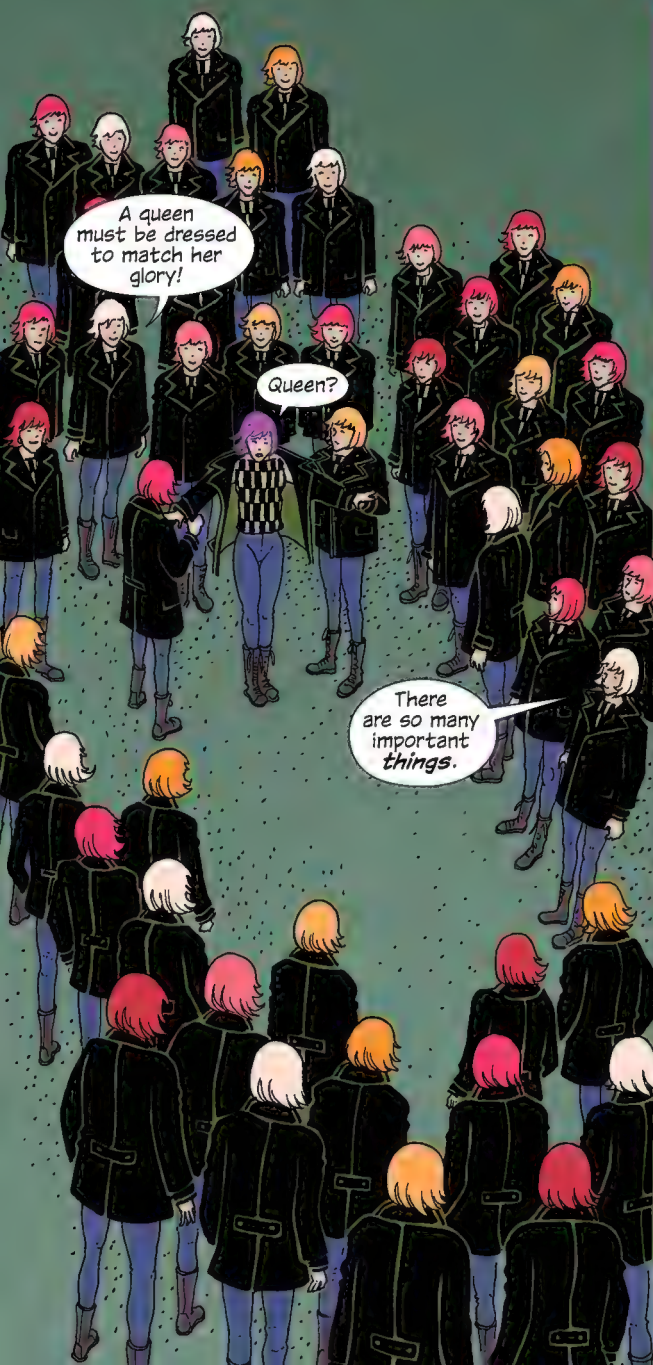
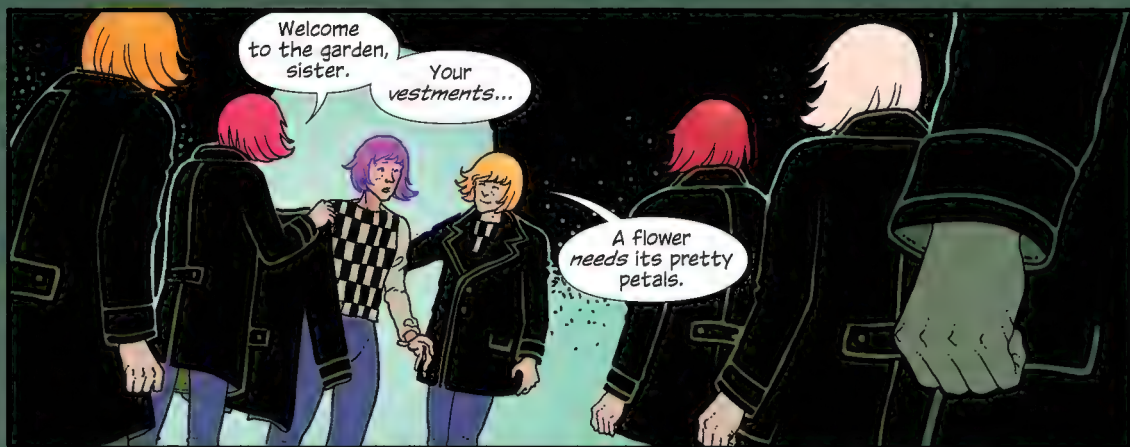


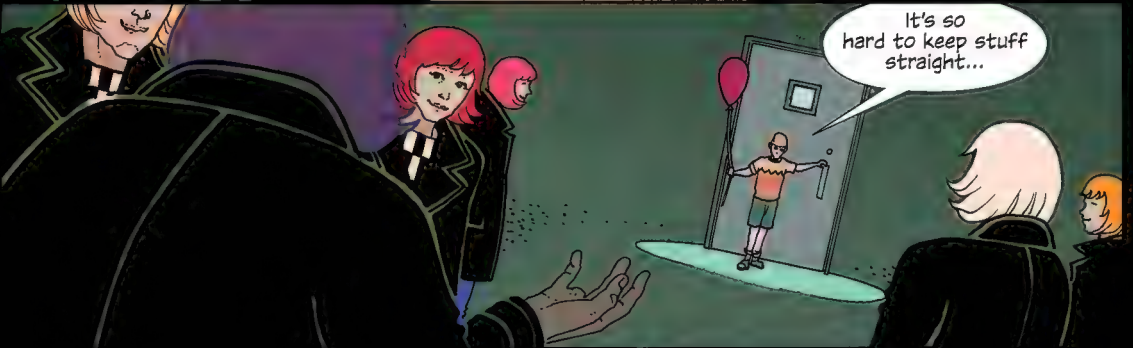
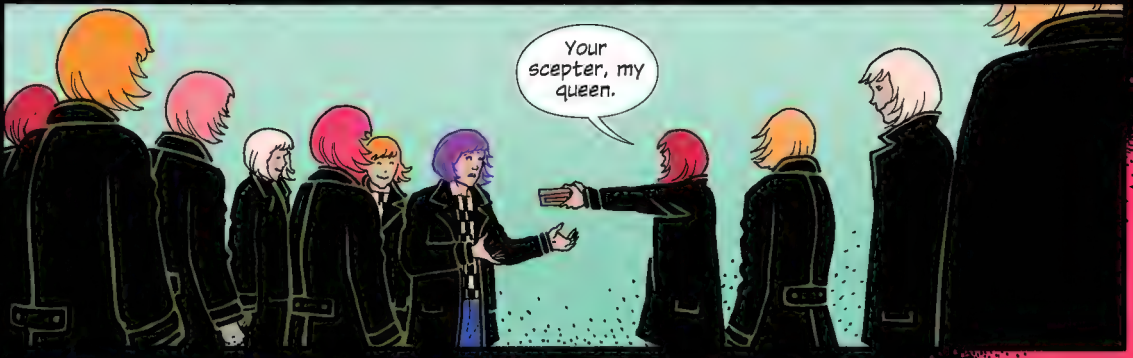


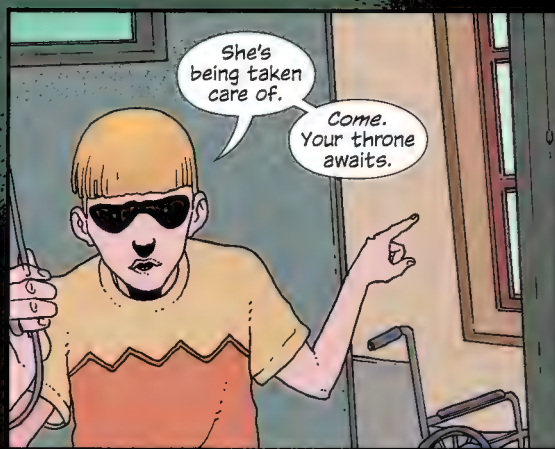
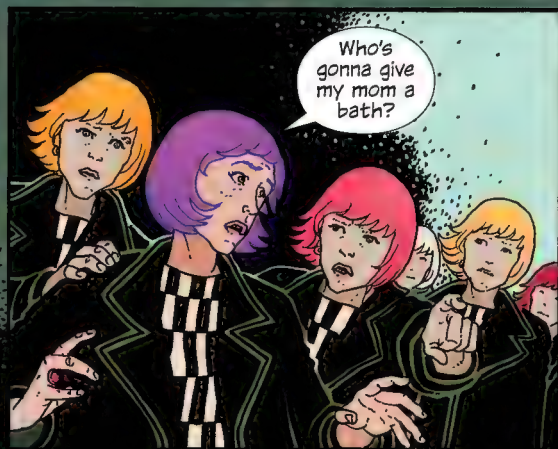


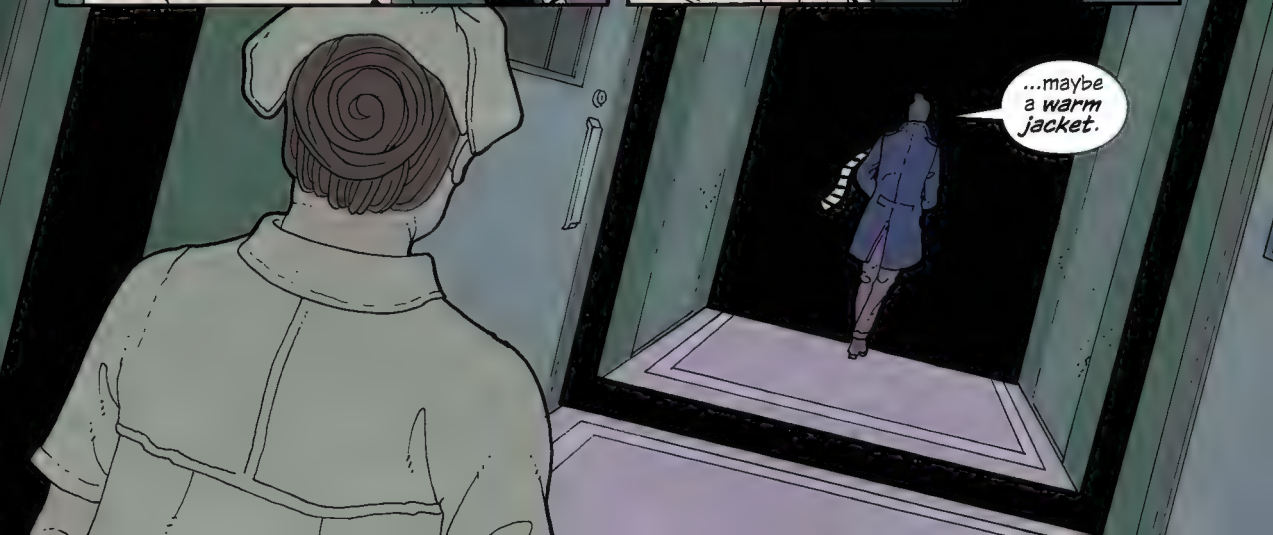
Lily
after Lily
after Lily...

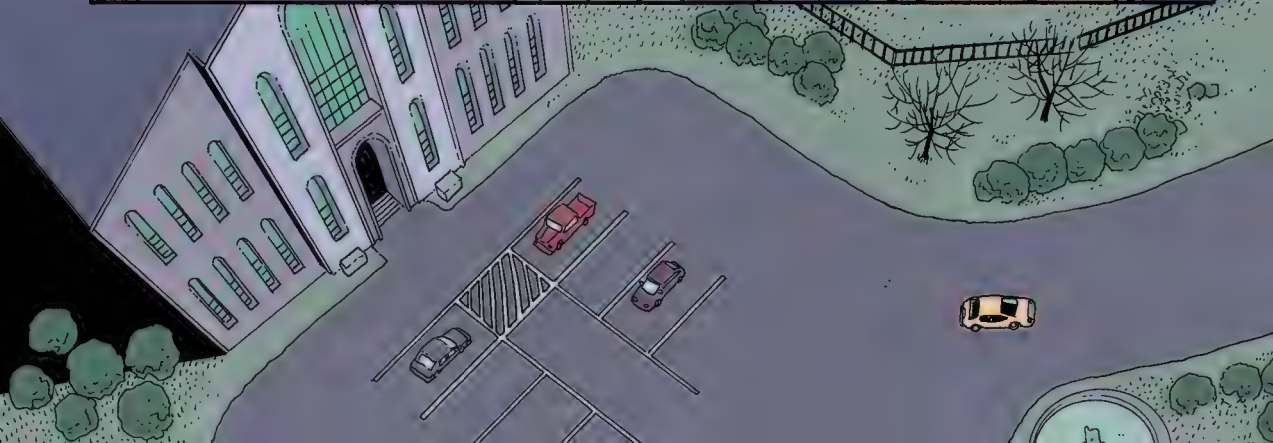
ICM









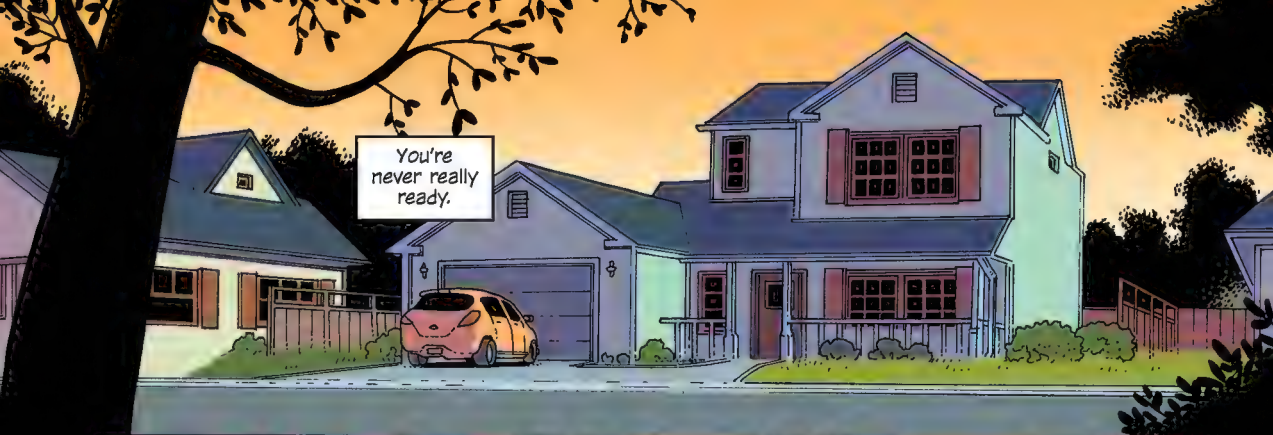




Tiny Lives

Chapter Sixteen





You're never really ready.

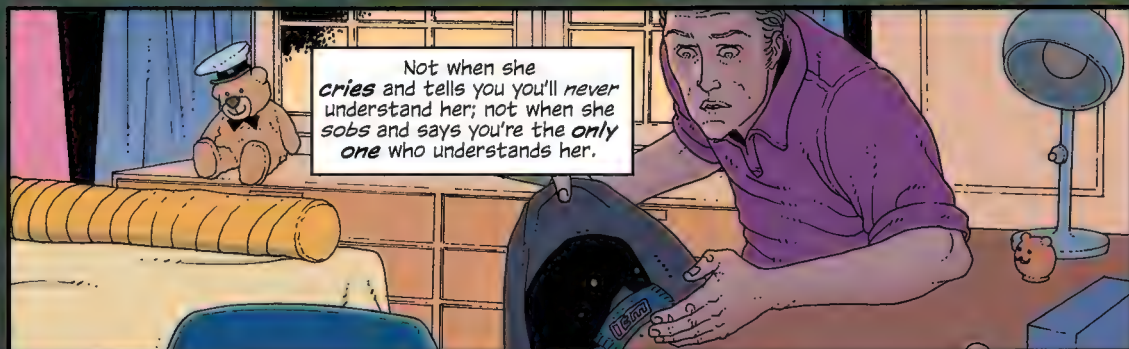


Not when they hand you the baby.



Not when she stumbles through her first steps.

Not when she goes flying down the street on two wheels.



Not when she *cries* and tells you you'll never understand her; not when she *sobs* and says you're the *only one* who understands her.

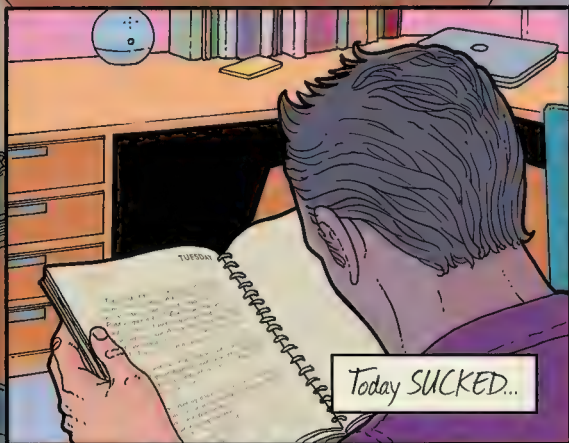
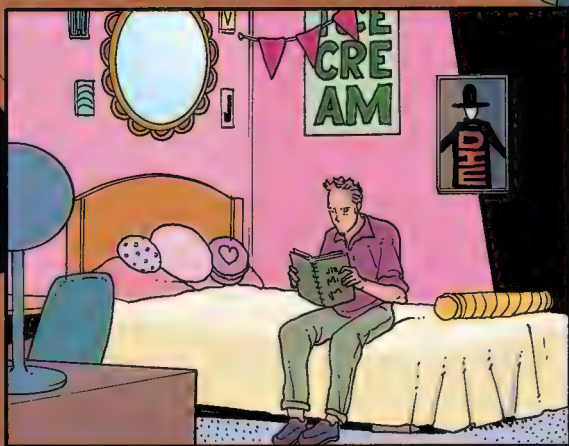


Fatherhood's just one surprise after another--there's no *preparing* for any of it.

All you
can do is try
your *best* not
to screw
it up.



...but sometimes
your best isn't good
enough.



Today SUCKED...

QUOTE OF THE DAY:



"Try to be a rainbow in
someone's cloud."

—MAYA ANGELOU

TUESDAY

Nov
12

Today **SUCKED**. It was just one thing after another. For starters, **AUNT FLO** came to town, so I'm crampy and bloated. And then Mrs. Redding gave a **POP QUIZ** on *Pride and Prejudice* and of course I hadn't done the reading. Dad said I would like Jane Austen but the writing is stiff and the characters are all so unrelatable and dumb. (Mr. Darcy is such a fucking prick!)

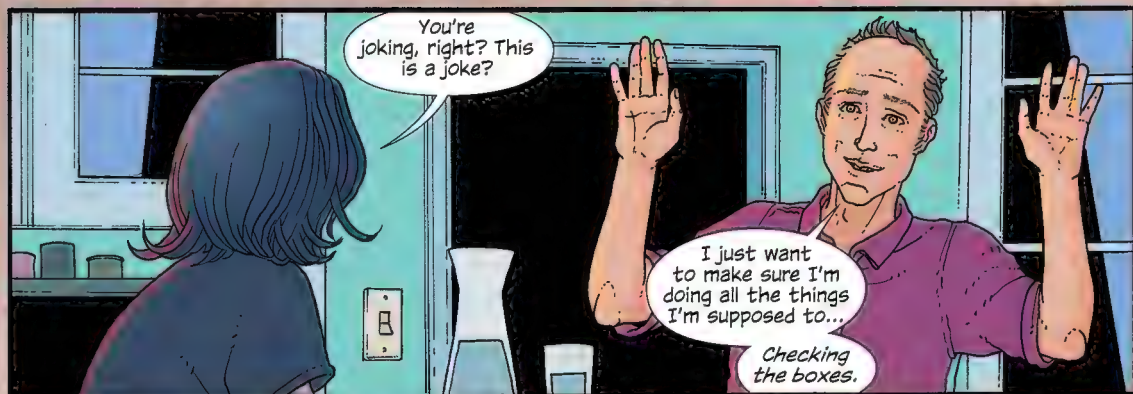
But it's not **SO** bad.  Derek  and I are going to the football game together, and then afterwards Mike P. is having a big party at his house. (Mike P.'s parties are always the best.)

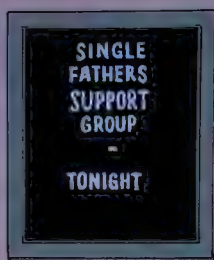
I've been thinking about it a lot and I want my first time to be with Derek. There's just something about his face that makes me want to jump on him and **DO IT**. So I picked up you-know-whats from the store...I wanna be ready when the time comes. Fingers crossed!

MOOD BOARD

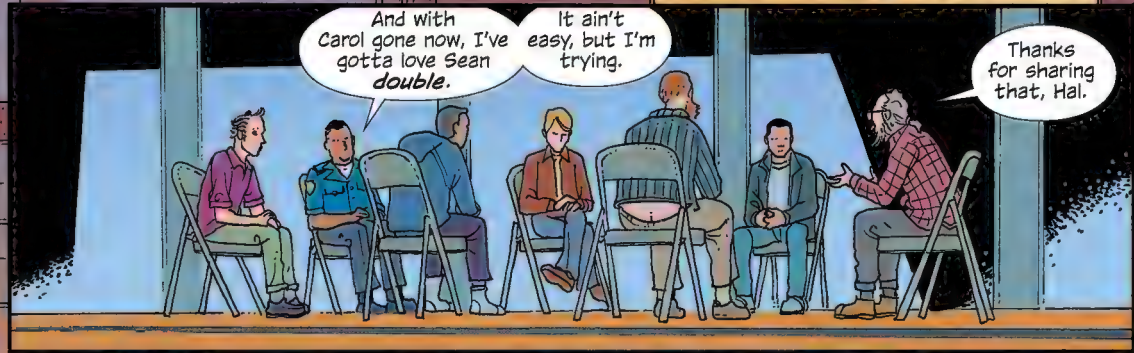
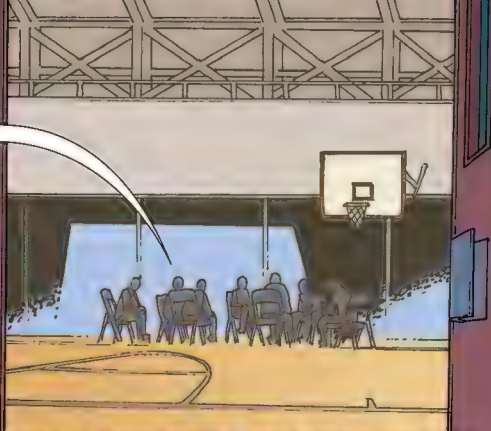
- 1 - **Crabby**
- 2 - **Excited**
- 3 - **Nervous**







I don't wanna make the same mistakes that my dad made.



And with Carol gone now, I've gotta love Sean *double*.

It ain't easy, but I'm trying.

Thanks for sharing that, Hal.



All of us are here because we're raising children, for one reason or another, without a partner.

All we can *do* is try.

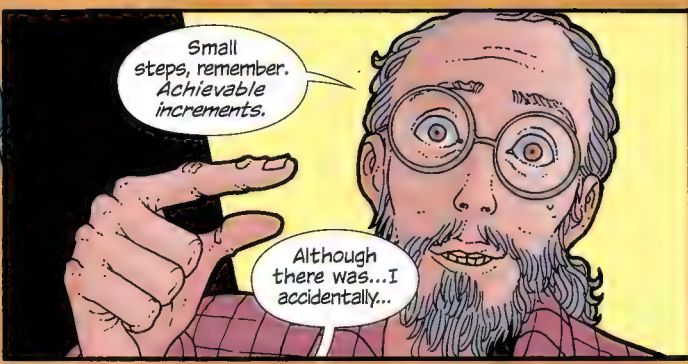


Mitch, you're up. How was this week with Jennifer?



It was... good.

We're still working on the whole *cleanliness* thing, but it's not as bad as it was.



Small steps, remember. *Achievable* increments.

Although there was...I accidentally...



I read her diary.

Oof.
Mitch, buddy.

Remember:
this is a judgment-
free environment,
Hal.



What we
need to try to
understand is *why* we
break through these
sorts of natural
boundaries.

What is
it that prevents
us from *trusting*
our sons and
daughters?

I *do* trust
her...



I do. But
I think...

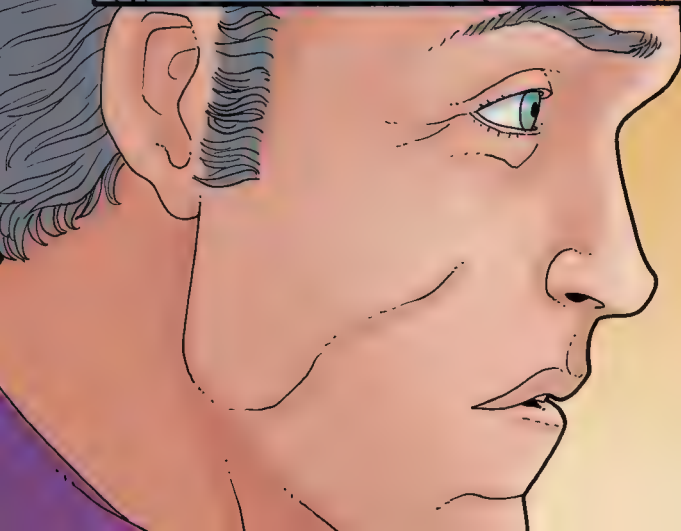
She's
starting to,
you know, *be*
with boys...



How...
how do I warn her
that sex *complicates*
everything?

That
sometimes the
reward isn't worth
the risk?

You
tell her like
you just told
me...

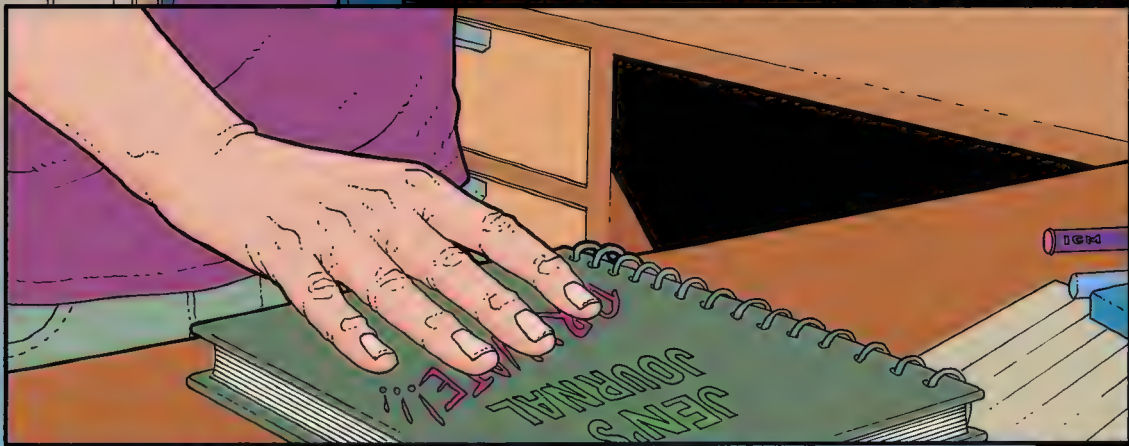


You're
her *father*,
Mitch.

You know
what the right
thing to do
is...

I know
what the right
thing to do
is.

I know
I should leave
it be.



...but
I'm gonna read
it anyway.

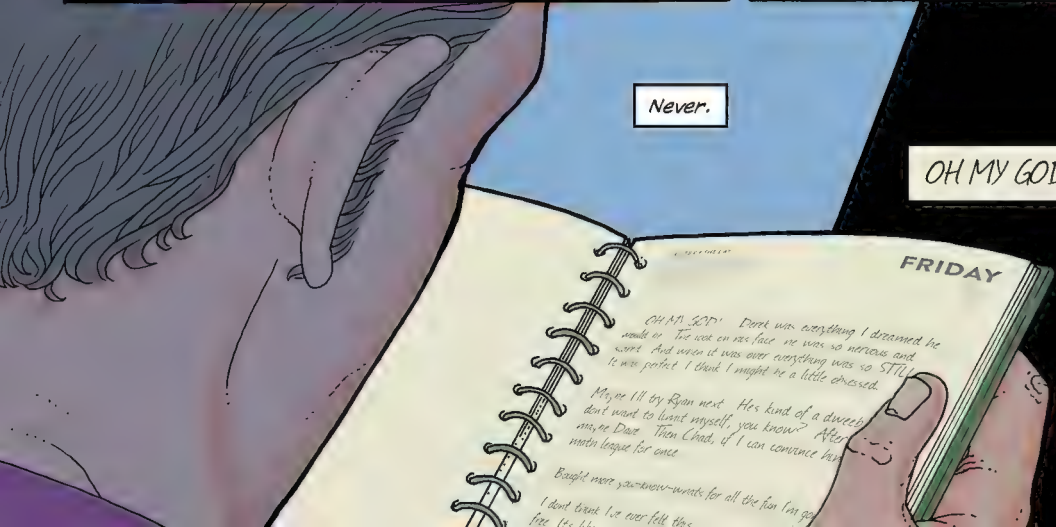


You're
never ready for
how fast they
grow up.



Never.

OH MY GOD!!!



QUOTE OF THE DAY:

"I believe that a girl should not do what she thinks she should do, but should find out through experience what she wants to do.

—AMELIA EARHART

FRIDAY

Nov
15

OH MY GOD!!! Derek was everything I dreamed he would be. The look on his face...he was so nervous and scared. And when it was over everything was so STILL. It was perfect. I think I might be a little obsessed...

Maybe I'll try Ryan next. He's kind of a dweeb, but I don't want to limit myself, you know? After Ryan, maybe Dave. Then Chad, if I can convince him to skip math league for once.

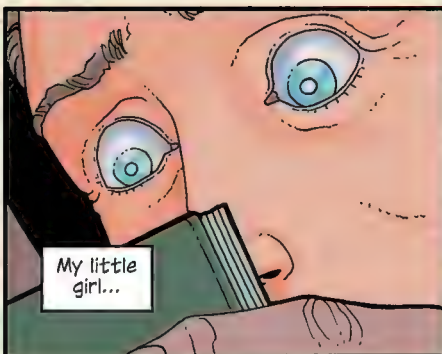
Bought more you-know-whats for all the fun I'm gonna have...

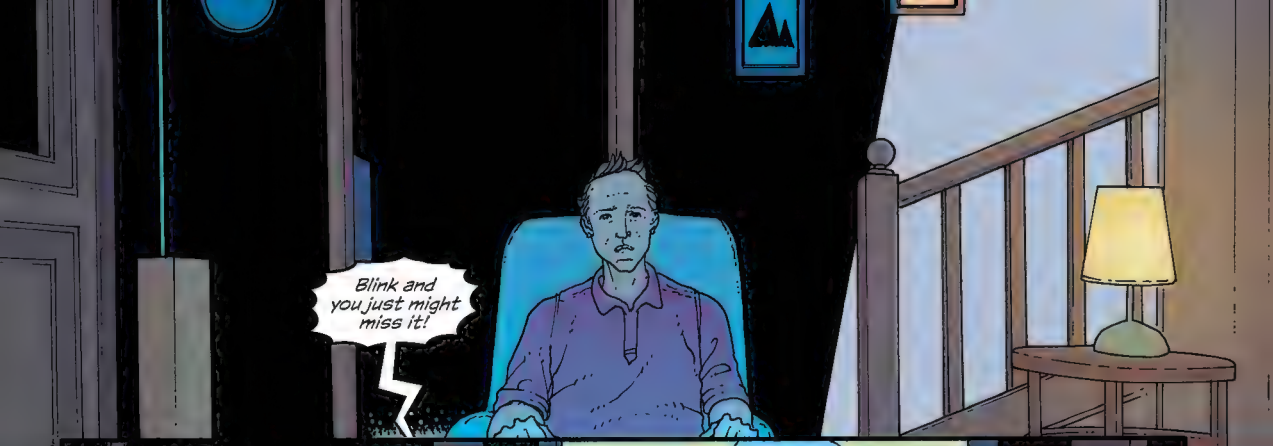
I don't think I've ever felt this free. It's like a small voice in my head keeps saying:

LIVE!

MOOD BOARD

- 1 - Turned on
- 2 - Happy
- 3 - Addicted

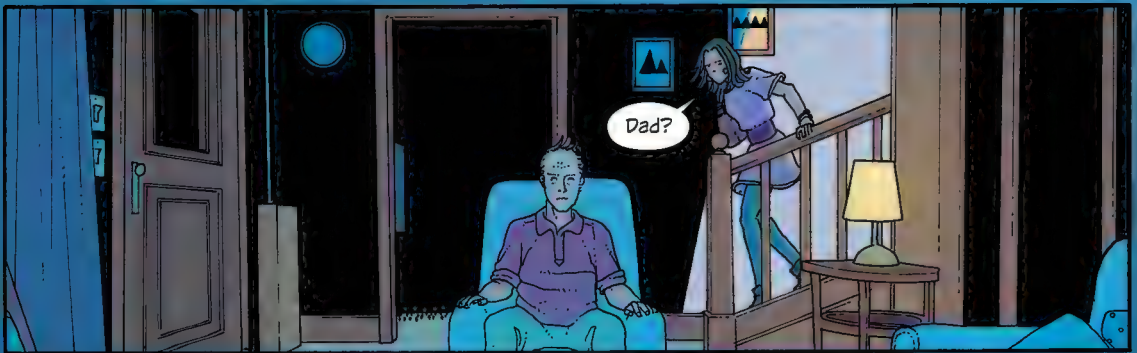




Blink and
you just might
miss it!



Zip! Zap!
Zoop! There
goes your life!



Dad?



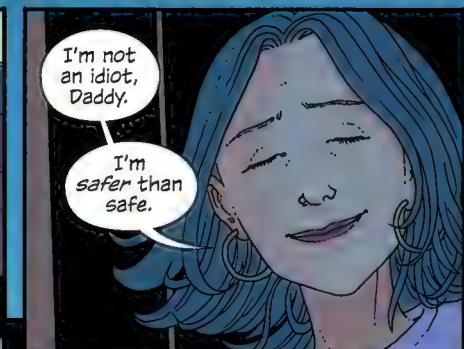
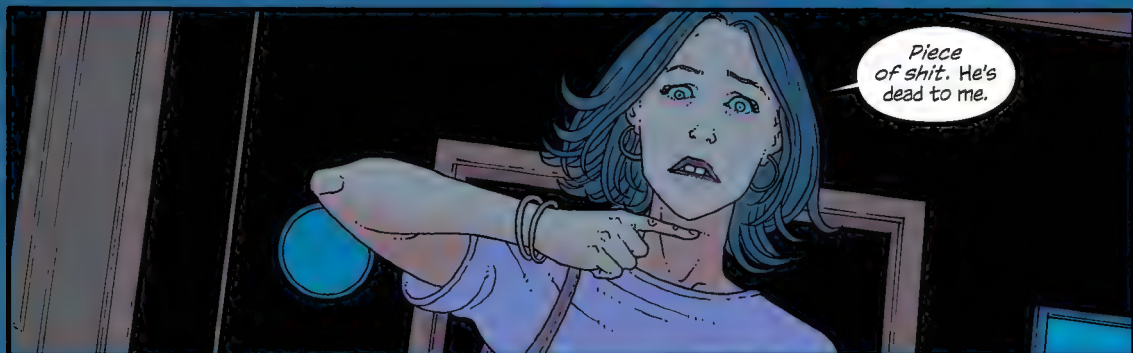
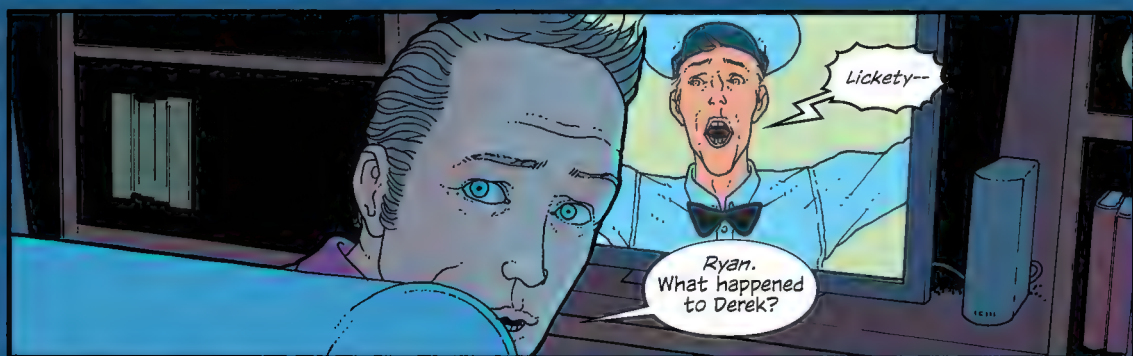
Oh, h-heh
sweetie.

You,
uh, going
out?



That's an
affirmative,
captain.

Ryan's
taking me to play
mini-golf.









QUOTE OF THE DAY:

"From the world of darkness I did loose demons and devils in the power of scorpions to torment."

—CHARLES MANSON

WEDNESDAY

Nov
22

I can't stop killing people. I wake up and a little angel whispers in my ear, "SOMEONE ELSE HAS TO DIE." And so I go out and do it, again and again. It's so much fun it almost makes me SICK!

First it was Derek, doofy little Derek, with his cleft chin and slight lisp. I made little incisions in the ends of his fingers, like paper cuts, until he ran out of blood to bleed.

Then it was Ryan...he sobbed and begged and admitted he was in love with his own sister. What a fucking CREEP. He ran out of blood, too.

Then Troy, then Dave. All of these losers with their dumb brains and their horny little dicks. They're all so SURE of themselves. But every time the blade goes through their skin, the blood starts pouring out...and I can see how small they actually are. Like slimy little BUGS under my shoes.

Tonight I'm going out with Sean. Dude bangs on some cymbals for a week and considers himself a "musician." It's so sad and pathetic. I wonder how long he'll bleed before the light in his eyes goes out.

That's all for now.

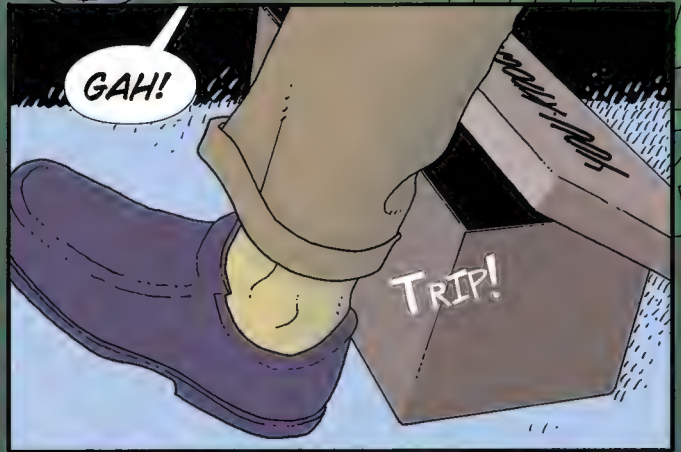
I AM YOUNG AND THE
WORLD IS BEAUTIFUL

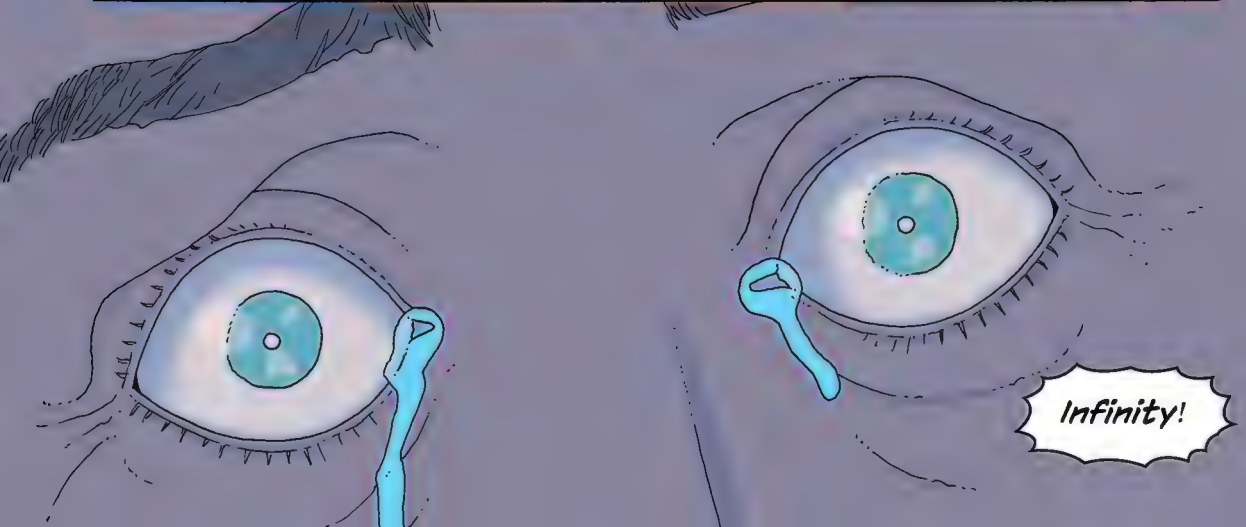
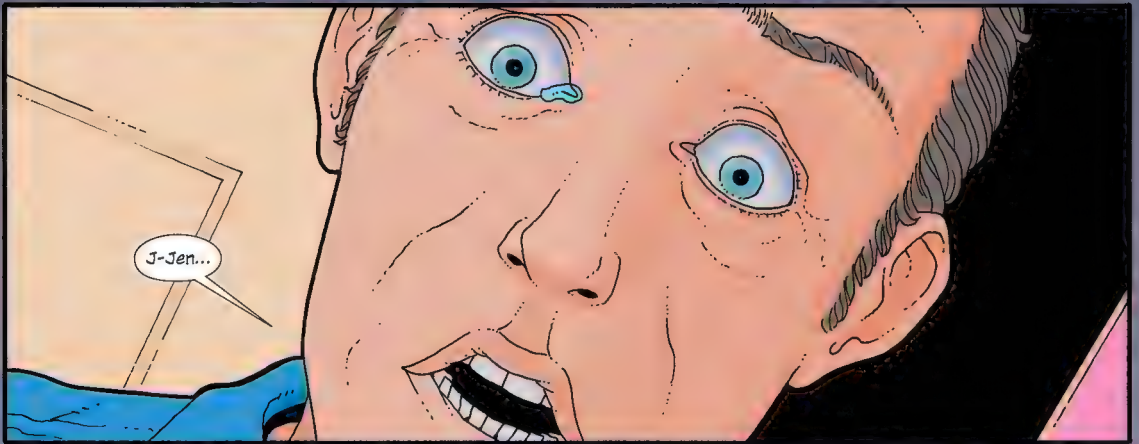
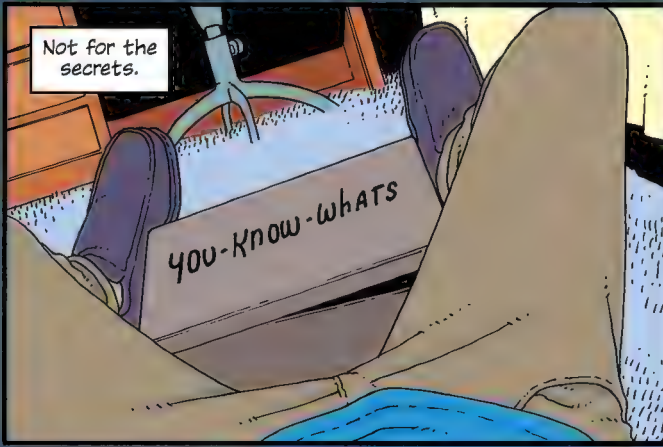
MOOD BOARD

1 - HUNGRY

2 - FOR

3 - BLOOD





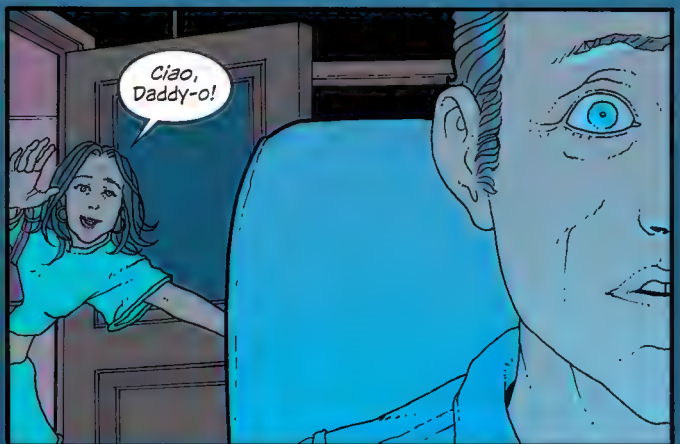


Anything and everything!



Sean's taking me to see some kind of art flick.

Documentaries. Blech.

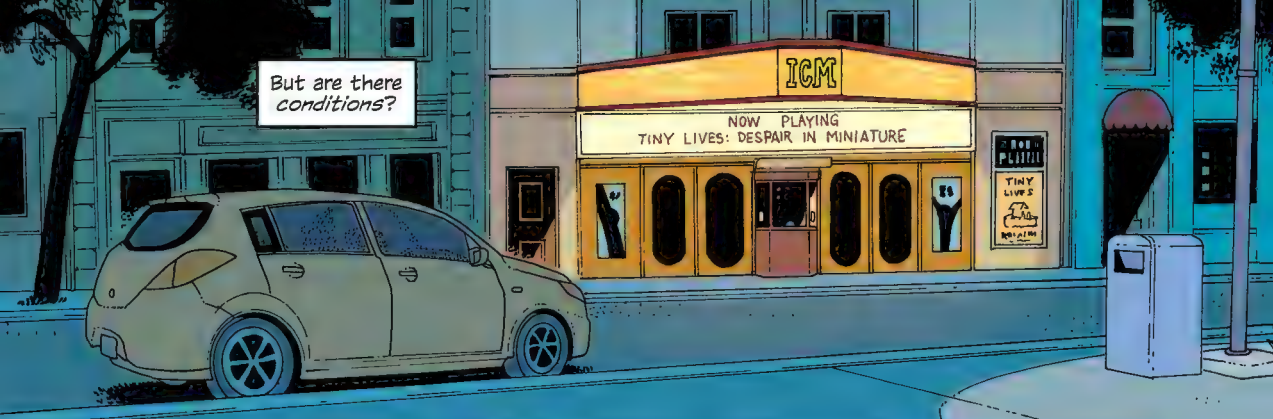


Ciao, Daddy-o!

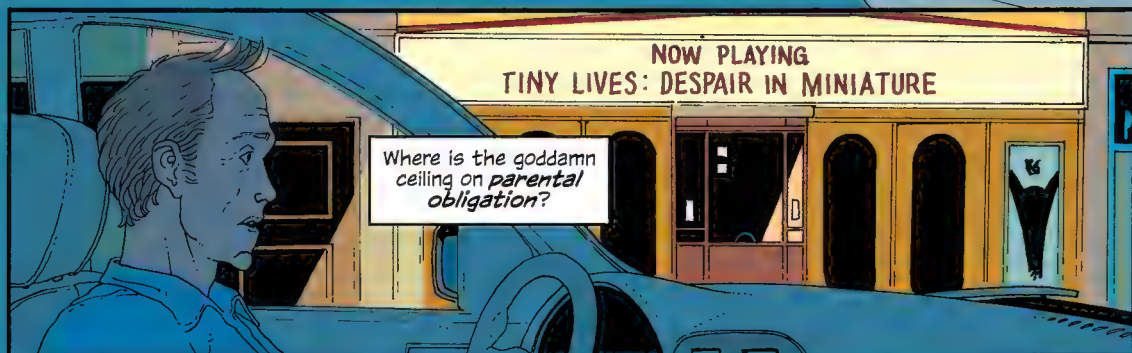


Unconditional love, Daddy-o!

That's the name of the game!



But are there conditions?



Where is the goddamn ceiling on parental obligation?



I...I have no idea.



I don't know anything.



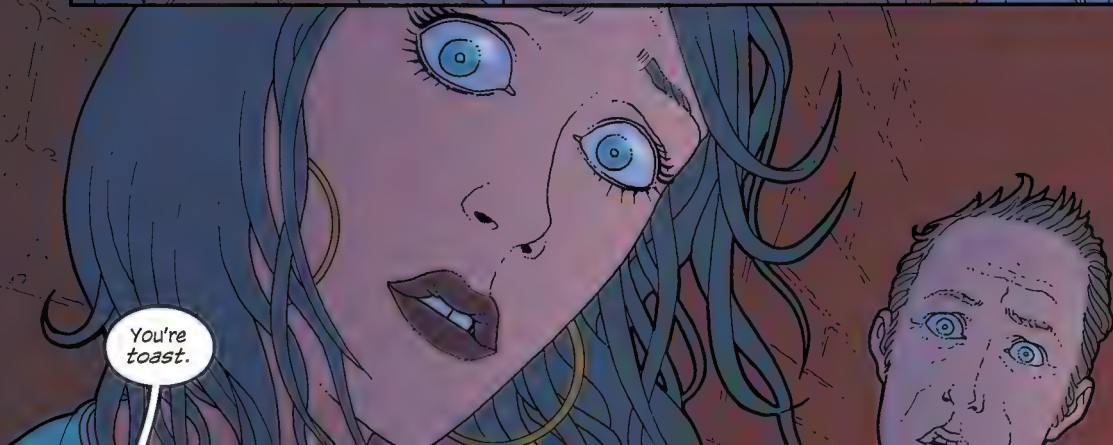
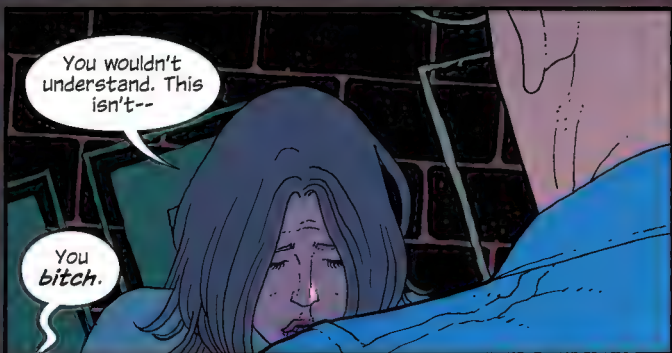
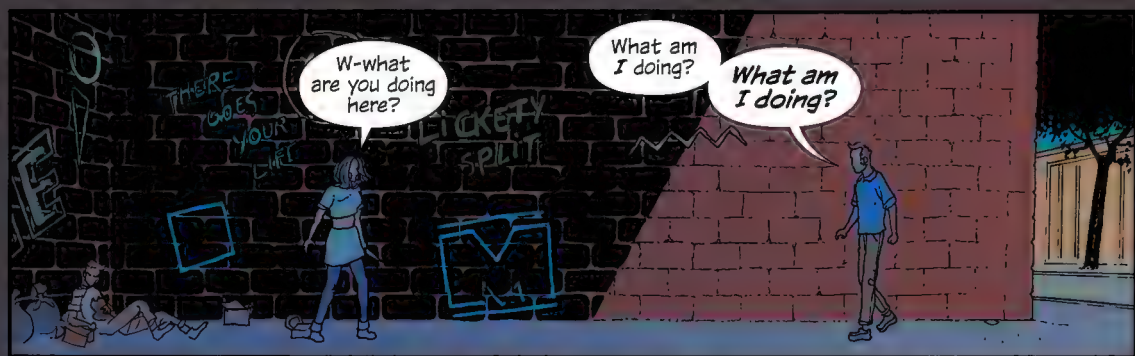
I'm just a dad trying his *best* to make sense of his child.

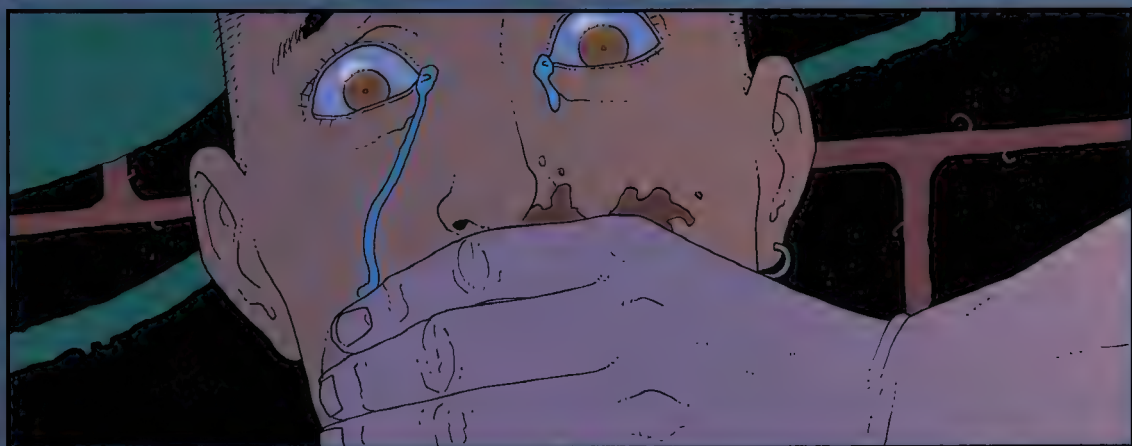
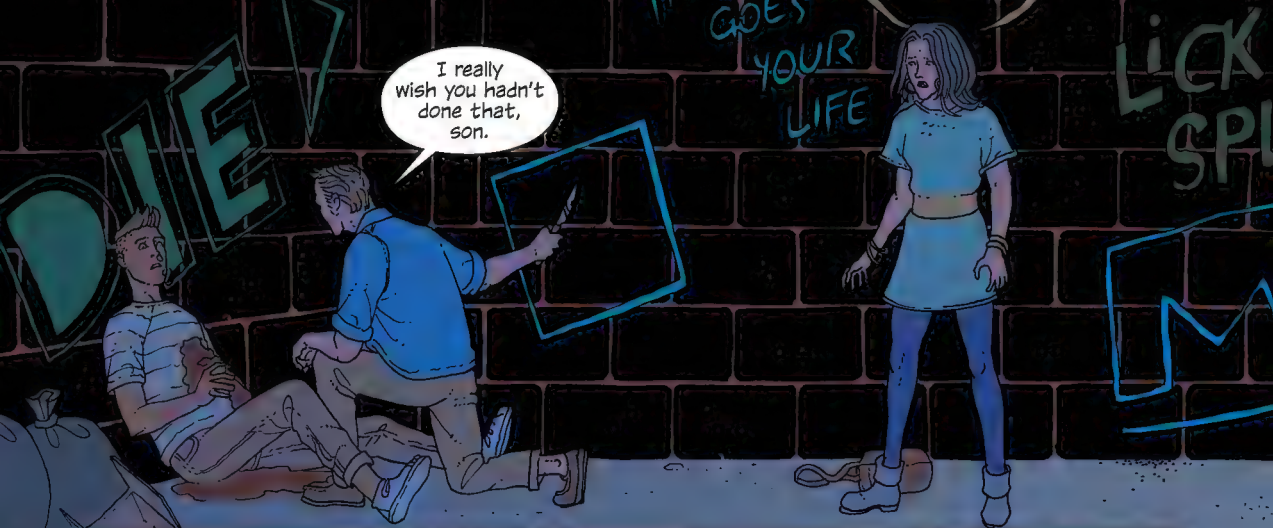


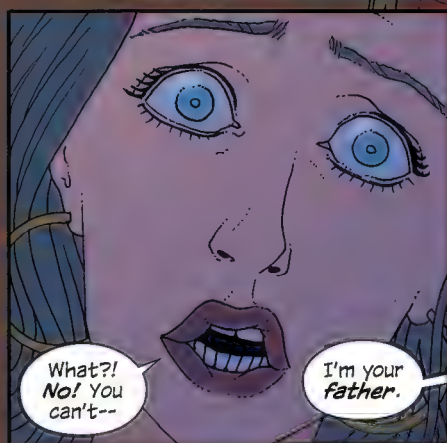
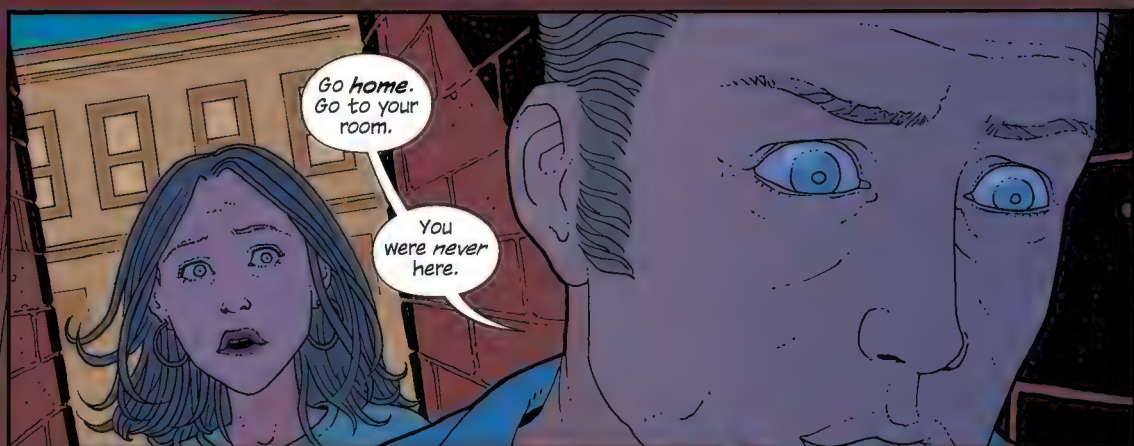





DAD?!

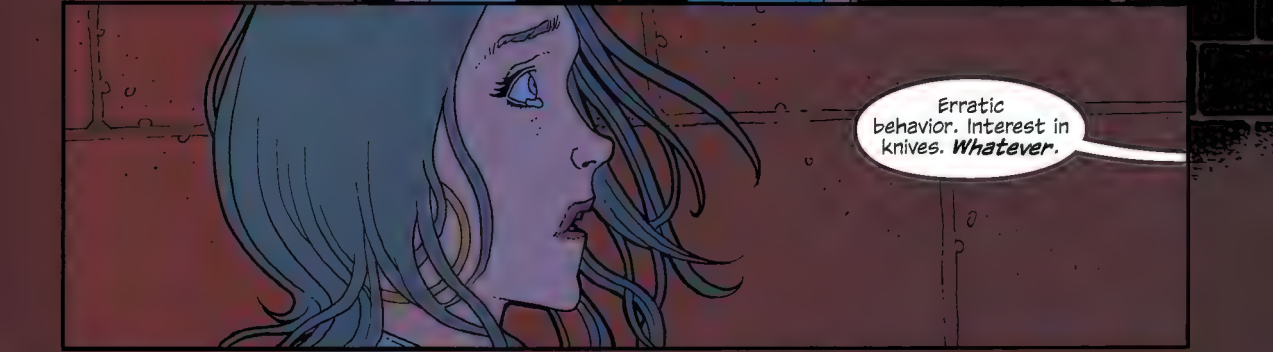




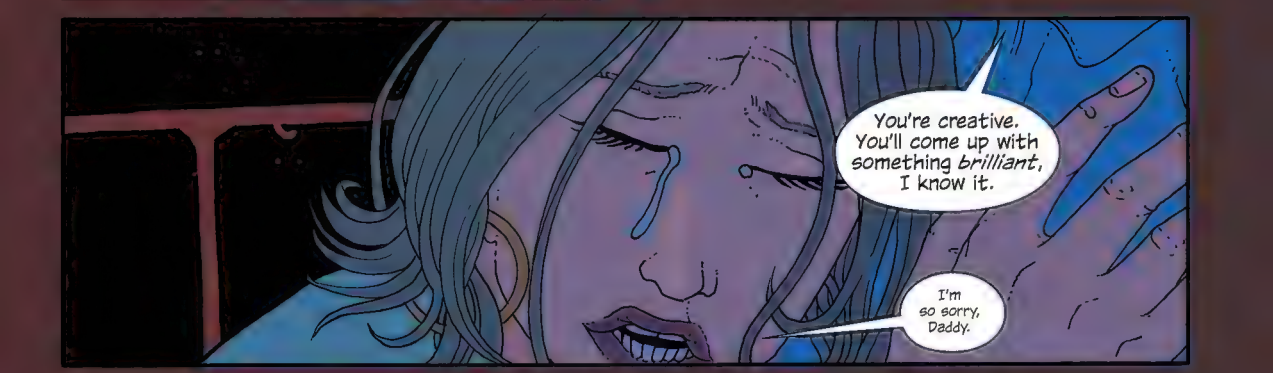




When they ask, you tell 'em I was showing signs of instability for a long time.



Erratic behavior. Interest in knives. *Whatever.*



You're creative. You'll come up with something brilliant, I know it.

I'm so sorry, Daddy.



Hush, sweetheart. It's okay.



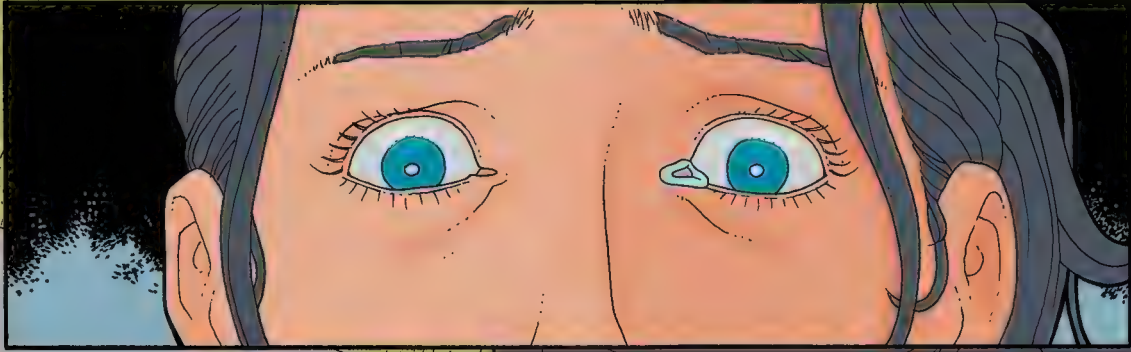
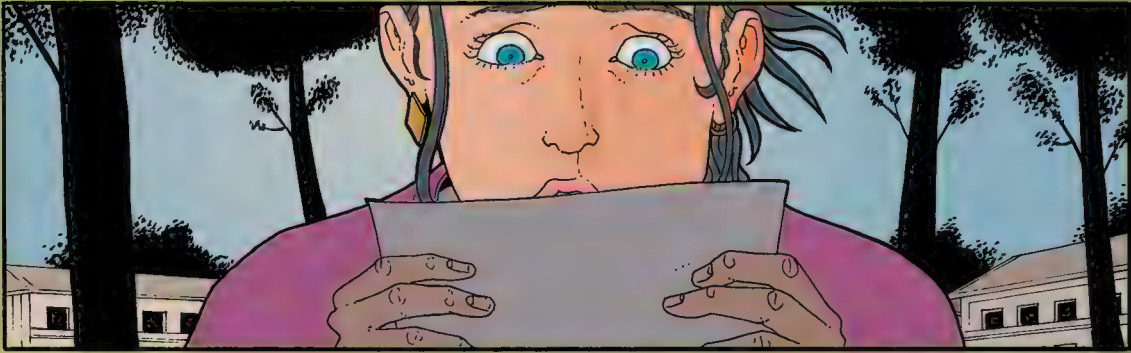
Now... **GO!**



"My old man's a real piece of work."

Two years later...





MAILED FROM
A STATE
CORRECTIONAL
INSTITUTION

Only a few more days until they fry me alive. "Execution by electrocution." It's got a kind of funny poetry to it.

Jenny, I want to tell you something important before I walk down that corridor to get my brain zapped off for good.

I got life all wrong. I was so small, shrank things down to my size. I couldn't see how *BIG* it all is, how absolutely planetary: first you're a kid, then you somehow manage to *RAISE* a kid. Then your kid eclipses you. You lose yourself, but in the process you gain something better: INFINITY.

Anything and everything. It's a tacit vow, but it feels good to say aloud.

I know exactly what's gonna happen when they electrify me in that chair. I can see it clear as a movie in my mind's eye: my body sizzling, smoke rising off my skin. And then my SOUL will float out of my mouth and up through the ceiling, beyond this stone prison and into the open air, exceeding the atmosphere, out past the stars, rushing at light-speed into that final place where it's blacker than black, where all things good and evil meet at a single point and merge into one indistinguishable idea.

It might be the end of the road for me, but remember: you've got infinity. You can fold the world to your will like it's nothing but a glob of silly putty. Stretch it, knead it. It's endless. Make it the exact shape you want.

Whatever shape that is, it's already perfect. It's pre-approved. You are young, and life is beautiful.

I'm ready now.
Love, Dad

EXTRA SCOOPS



What follows are variant covers, sketches, and miscellany from the fourth volume of **ICE CREAM MAN**.

Thistles must be cut down before they flower...



WES
CRAIG

ISSUE 1A COVER B
WES CRAIG

Ice Cream Man

image

ISSUE #14

PRINCE

MORAZZO

O'HALLORAN

Hey Kids!

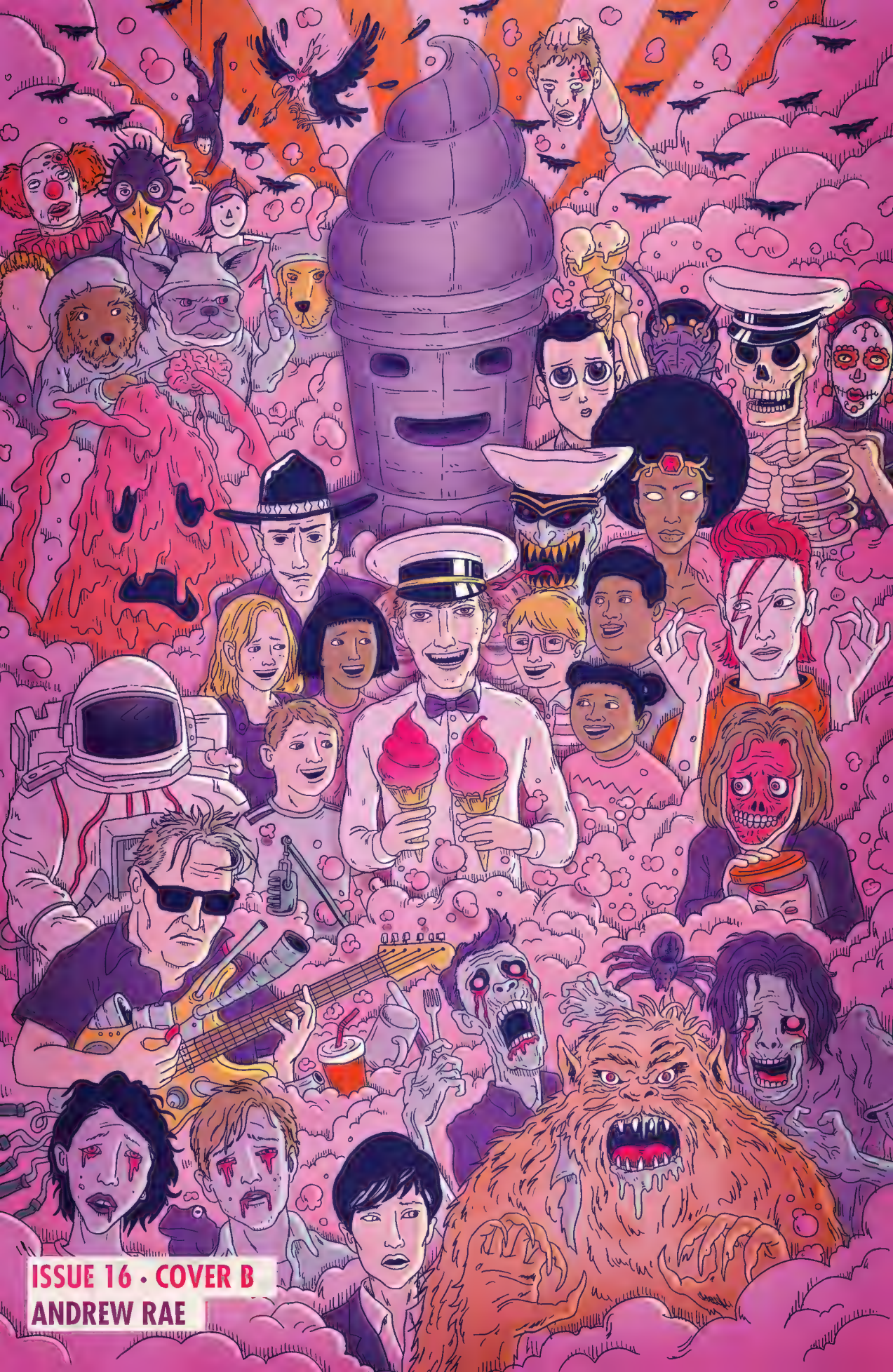
YOU MUST
SEE
TO BELIEVE!

ISSUE 14 • COVER B
PAUL RENTLER

PR
FOR SALE



ISSUE 15 . COVER B
PATRICK HORVATH



ISSUE 16 • COVER B
ANDREW RAE

FROZEN PHYSIOGNOMY

ICE CREAM MAN #14. LAYOUT.



ICE CREAM MAN #14. LAYOUT.



EARL.



RITA.

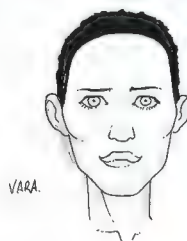
As ever, Martín's character sketches brim with stark life; they possess the power to spin any given chapter in an unplanned direction. Above, two menacing contractors and their suburban marks: puzzle-obsessed Earl and his lonely wife, Rita.

FULL MUGS

ICE CREAM MAN #15. LAYOUTS.



ICE CREAM MAN #15. LAYOUTS.



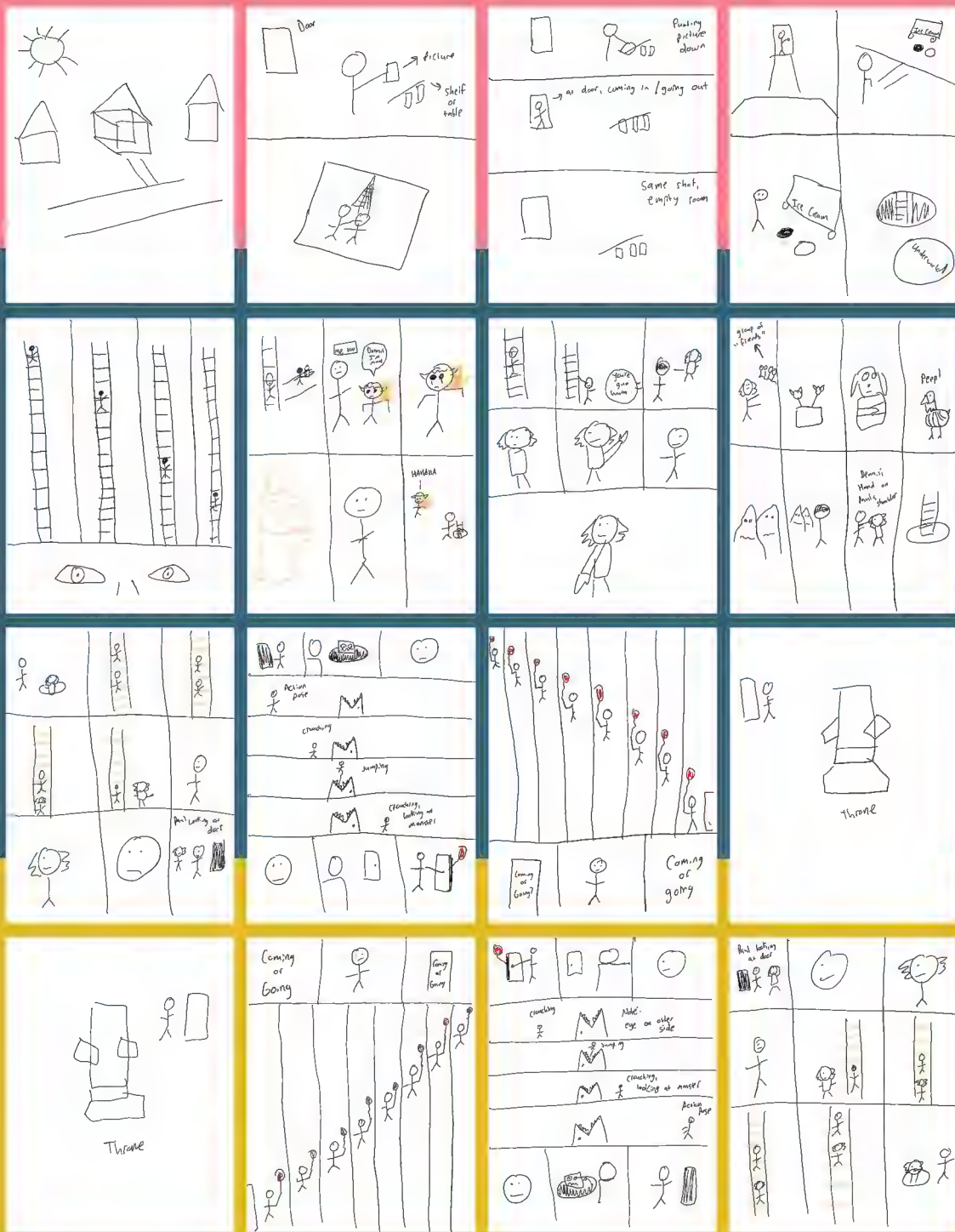
ICE CREAM MAN #15. LAYOUTS.

BINKY.



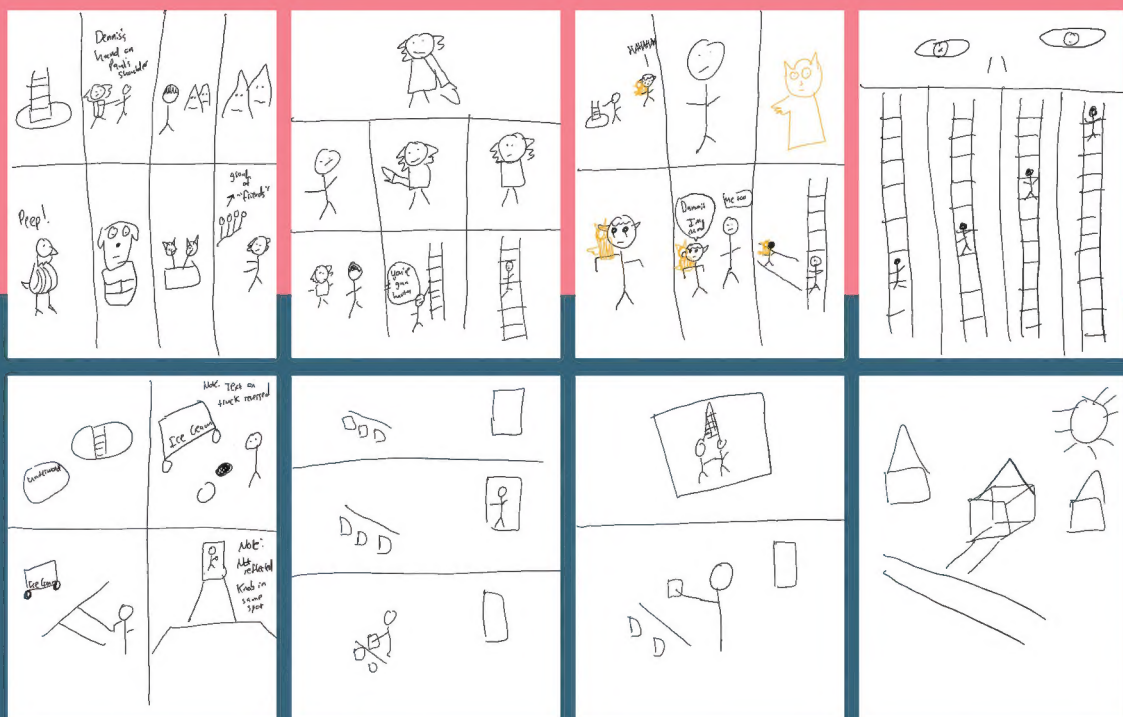
In the *Ice Cream Man* multiverse, **Binky** is the Plush Popsicle Purveyor of Earth 15, where he partakes in such acts of adorable menace as forcing Ruxpins, Paddingtons, and Poohs to reckon with their midlife ennui.

SOBER REFLECTIONS



"Palindromes" unfortunately required the author to "draw" the entire issue alongside the standard script. Bless Martín and Chris for countenancing such a sorry display.

LIVE EVIL



DAMMIT, I'M MAD
 MR. OWL ATE MY METAL WORM
 TOO HOT TO HOOT
 HAHAHAH
 DENNIS SINNED
 GODDAM MAD DOG
 SENILE FELINES
 WAS IT A RAT I SAW?
 WAS IT A BAT I SAW?
 GODDAM MAD DOG
 DOG, AS A DEVIL DEIFIED,
 LIVED AS A GOD
 BIRD RIB
 PEEP
 DUMB MUD
 1234321
 NEVER ODD OR EVEN

And here's a handy list of every linguistic palindrome featured in the chapter. Sadly, I couldn't find a way to include *Go hang a salami, I'm a lasagna hog!*

—WMP, October 2019



Ice Cream Man drives back into town, offering four new stories that zoom in on folks who are just barely scraping by—and are willing to do anything to change that.

This fourth volume collects issues 13-16 of the critically acclaimed horror anthology from Eisner-nominated writer ***W. Maxwell Prince*** (ONE WEEK IN THE LIBRARY, *The Electric Sublime*), artist ***Martín Morazzo*** (*She Could Fly*, *The Electric Sublime*), and colorist ***Chris O'Halloran*** (*Lockjaw*, *The Punisher*) for a bittersweet treat that can't be beat.

"A perfectly bitter confection for those with a taste for short-form shockers."

—***Publishers Weekly***

"You'll never look at your double-scoop the same way again."

—***Vulture/NYMag***

"Will have you questioning everything."

—***Amazon Book Review***

"Incredibly good."

—***The Oregonian***

"F*cking awesome. The writing is strange and deeply unsettling, and the artwork is gorgeous."

—***Brian K. Vaughan***

(SAGA, PAPERGIRLS)



Horror
Rated **M** / Mature
Collects ICE CREAM MAN 13-16

